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LABOUR COMES OF AGE

THE victory of British Socialism has been received with almost incredulous applause in every democracy except the United States. There, gratitude to Mr. Churchill and a nationwide confidence in the benefits of capitalism have combined to make some sections of the press and public look warily at that silent revolution of which the election results were only the dramatic expression. But elsewhere the electoral landslide has been welcomed as a proof of the astonishing vitality of British democracy. The formation of a Labour Government with a strong parliamentary majority brings a sudden ray of hope to those democratic forces—in Spain, Greece and Belgium, for instance—which had come to associate the name of Britain with monarchist intrigues and ineffective Amgotry. The Empire, while condoling with the great war leader, is delighted to see that the old country still has some kick in it. The Russians are awaiting events. They correctly estimate that the election was fought on domestic issues. They suspend judgment, therefore, until they see whether British Socialism will extend its influence to foreign policy. If, as we believe, that is Mr. Attlee's and Mr. Bevin's firm determination, and if they will support an International in which the internecine conflict of Socialist and Communist can be gradually healed, there is reason to hope that the Russians will collaborate in the reconstruction of a united Europe.

A Socialist foreign policy, however, must be firmly based on Socialism at home. The main efforts of the Government must be directed to the transformation of our make-shift war-planning into a planned peacetime economy. This transformation must be accomplished in a period of acute shortage, weariness and dislocation; and it cannot be expected to show concrete benefits at once. It will not be an easy process, and it will only be carried through successfully if the people feel that they are partners with Parliament in the national task. If the Government is to win the necessary understanding and collaboration from the majority of the nation in the execution of its programme, the cards must be face upwards on the table. Official propaganda of the type familiarised during the war is to-day valueless: there is universal allergy to instructional slogans and patriotic appeals. What is wanted is that the Government should take the public as fully as possible into its confidence.

For example, if popular support is to be secured for prolonged rationing of food, or even of petrol, it is essential that the Government should publish all the relevant data. We should be told how our consumption of food per head compares with that of other countries; what stocks we hold; and what limitations there are on our ability to import from abroad. And if petrol consumption by civilians must be restricted, at a very real cost in overloading of rail passenger transport, is it because of shortage of supplies, tankers or internal distributive resources, or because the Services—outside the Far East theatre—are extravagant in their demands? Before judgment on any of these questions is possible, statistics which are now with no good reason withheld must be released.

Even more important is it that the country should be thoroughly informed about the manpower position. Not merely should the Ministry of Labour resume prompt publication of figures of employment by industries, showing the distribution and utilisation month by month of our available labour force; now that hostilities in Europe are over, there is no valid "security" bar to our knowing the numbers of potential producers who are being retained in the Services in the United Kingdom, on garrison duty in Germany, Italy and Greece, or in the Middle East and India. Knowledge of these figures is indispensable if the public is to form an enlightened judgment on the pace of demobilisation.

More generally, if the Government's policy—fiscal, commercial and social—is to be followed by the public with that intelligent interest which makes for active support, the Departments must issue the fullest possible information—and it is available officially to-day with greater amplitude than ever before—about incomes and expenditure, balance of foreign payments, direction and volume of external trade, availability of materials and transport resources, industrial output and costs, and the many factors relevant to the siting and construction of houses and the whole business of planning a healthier, better educated and more secure community.

With the question whether the machinery of governmental publicity, in the best sense, requires overhauling, we are not at the moment concerned. (Co-ordination and presentation of official statistics might with advantage be entrusted to a special bureau attached to the Cabinet Offices.) Our immediate plea is for the urgent sweeping away of the insidious habit of war-time official reticence. With a clear mandate for bold reconstruction, no Government has a greater opportunity than this; and none a harder task ahead. The impressive mass of its supporters in the country are capable of postponing ease that they may enter into a worth-while future. But they will do so with the better heart, the more their eyes are open.

The New Cabinet

Mr. Attlee will not be a spectacular Premier, but he may be all the better for that. As Chairman of a team Mr. Attlee unites, while the effect of either Mr. Morrison or Mr. Bevin as Premier might have been to divide, the Party. After Mr. Churchill, there is the same reaction in favour of a quiet and dignified leader as there was after the fall of the Welsh Wizard in 1922. Mr. Attlee's first appointments seem good. If Mr. Bevin uses a new broom at the Foreign Office, every other Whitehall Department will be pleased. Mr. Morrison should do well as Leader of the House; and, in company with Mr. Greenwood, he is the right person to supervise the programme of reconstruction. Sir William Jowitt is a good lawyer and should make a good Lord Chancellor, while Sir Stafford Cripps, who has proved himself an excellent administrator and has a rare intellectual grasp of the technical problems of reconstructing industry, takes over the Board of Trade in the crucial phase of "reconversion." Dr. Dalton brings a mind trained in finance to the Exchequer. Of the other appointments, probably the most important are Health, Housing, and Labour, which may have at this peroid the most difficult task in the Government. We believe that Mr. James Griffiths is likely to be given this post, and we know of no one who is more likely to succeed there. We should regard Mr. Alexander's appointment to the Home Office as a sensible choice, and we should like to see Mr. Shinwell responsible for Fuel and Power, and Mr. Noel-Baker in charge of the Dominions, which should include immediately the Dominion of India. The abolition of the India Office has long been discussed, and was explicitly promised by Mr. Bevin at the Blackpool Conference. We confidently expect that Mr. Aneurin Bevan will receive an important appointment which will show whether he possesses constructive talents comparable with his immense Parliamentary and platform abilities.

Priorities for Parliament

In the field of domestic policy housing will obviously be the first priority ; but, thanks to the number of urgent issues shelved by the Coalition, or dealt with merely by White Papers or declarations of intention which now require revision, there will be a long queue of measures with which Parliament will be required to deal expeditiously. For example, the land issue must be settled by the speedy adoption of measures at least as drastic as those put forward in the Uthwatt Report ; local authorities must be given assurance of ampler financial help from the Exchequer if all physical reconstruction plans are not to be further held up ; the doctors (or rather the reactionary group controlling the B.M.A., to whom Mr. Willink weakly capitulated) must be confronted speedily with a clear-cut Health Service plan ; the mine owners, who have tardily announced their acceptance of the late Government's compromise proposal of a controlling authority with no effective power, must be finally dealt with by a Bill transferring the mines to public ownership ; and Social Security legislation (not forgetting Workmen's Compensation) must be given final form and passed without delay. In addition, it is supremely important that the proposal (amputated during the brief "Caretaker" period) for controlling the location of industry outside the Depressed Areas should be revived in much stronger form and brought before Parliament as early as possible. Finally, plans will have to be worked out with all speed for the social control of transport, electricity and steel.

Problems for the Chancellor

At the Exchequer Mr. Dalton will have the task of framing a taxation policy based on the conception both of adequate social services and of full employment. But this will not be his only preoccupation. In the sphere of international economic relationships, one of the earliest questions to be settled is whether or not this country is to ratify the Bretton Woods Agreement. Ratification would involve fixing, almost at once, a new gold parity for the pound sterling ; and, though this would not become operative immediately, the act of fixing it would tie our hands against the time when the Agreement as a whole will be brought into force. It is not an easy decision to take. There is little to be said for the proposed International Monetary Fund in its revised form, which omits nearly everything that gave Lord Keynes's original scheme its attractions. Which is preferable—to refuse to ratify Bretton Woods at the risk of offending U.S. opinion and discouraging American co-operation in international reconstruction, or to sign an agreement which may turn out to impose very inconvenient obligations, or even obligations beyond our power ultimately to fulfil ? Decision is the more difficult because the Bretton Woods Agreement and the still fluid draft agreement on international commercial policy logically go together. A good commercial agreement with the United States might make it worth while incurring the risks of Bretton Woods. Perhaps the best line for the new Government would be to insist that, without further light on related issues of economic policy, a decision on Bretton Woods cannot be taken.

Can Releases be Speeded Up ?

In the matter of demobilisation the Government is unlikely to disturb the existing scheme of priorities ; this, as originally worked out by Mr. Bevin, comes as near to giving general satisfaction as any other scheme is likely to come. The question is one of pace, not of order. As war-time recruits to industry and over-age workers leave their jobs and do not seek others, the shortage of man-power for industry is growing increasingly acute ; and, on the other hand, soldiers find it peculiarly galling to be kept under discipline with little or nothing to do. In repatriation of troops from overseas, transport is no doubt a bottleneck ; but we suspect that departmental sluggishness in expediting releases is even more a delaying factor. The matter calls for speedy and stringent Cabinet investigation ; it should not be left to the unfettered decision of the Service Departments, even under new heads. The question is not how many men the Services would like to retain, but whether they cannot, without prejudice to the war effort, reduce their strength much more rapidly than they will admit except under a pressure which assigns due weight to urgent civilian needs.

Students and House Builders

We welcome the announcement of the impending release from the Forces of 3,000 students for arts courses at universities under Class B of the demobilisation scheme. This release is amply justified by the urgent need of university trained recruits for the public service and, in particular, for education. There is, however, another class of professional workers whose release will have to be accelerated (without prejudice, of course, to the general scheme of demobilisation priorities) if there is to be a speeding up of the housing programme. All local authorities report that at present their plans are stultified by the shortage of trained quantity surveyors and draughtsmen. Much more than scarcity of materials, which in some areas are plentiful, it is this shortage of skilled personnel which is holding up municipal housing projects.

Labour and Palestine

The meeting in London of the World Zionist Conference presents the Labour Government with a grave problem that calls for an early solution. It must decide at once whether it will abide by the White Paper of 1939 which virtually brings Jewish immigration into Palestine to an end. The matter is urgent, because the survivors rescued from the Nazi camps are living in misery and discomfort ; many of them view the prospect of return to Europe with fear and distaste, since they have lost their businesses and would find a hostile environment. In all Europe Hitler seems to have left only about 1,500,000 Jews, many of them orphans. Labour opposed the White Paper as Mr. Churchill also did, and is committed by Conference decisions to the open door for immigration, which implies in effect the creation of a Jewish State, whatever its boundaries may be. This also was the "platform" of both American parties at the Presidential election. The Arab League, on the other hand, after its easy victory in Syria, is less disposed than ever to compromise, and it is aware that American oil interests have swung over to its side. The Jewish population, meanwhile, is nearing desperation, and if we delay or forget the tragedy of its situation, it may be impossible for Dr. Weizmann and others of the more realistic Zionists to prevent a violent outbreak. One key to this question is economic. If the Jews are given the chance of creating a great irrigation scheme in their region of Palestine, its benefits should be shared with Transjordania. Aid should also be given to the other Arab Stat for development on Tennessee Valley lines. firm stand for a Jewish Home in Palestine mu be balanced by a creative policy of developme for Irak and its neighbours. With the help modern engineering they could support larg populations on a higher level of comfort.

China and Japan

As the Allied blows fall more heavily up Japan, some of the problems of the post-w relations between China, Russia and the Unit States are thrown increasingly into relief. T. V Soong stands, in Western eyes at least, as repr sentative of a liberalising tendency in Chine capitalism, and his visit to Moscow to discuss th frontier and economic problems that would ari if Russia came into the war, and into the pea settlement afterwards, seemed a happy augur It is too soon to interpret his withdrawal from th post of Foreign Minister with assurance. Som expect him to continue, as Premier, his negoti tions in Moscow and expect the new Foreig Minister, who has worked as intermediary be tween Chungking and Yenan, to accompany hi there. Others believe that the change means th Soong had been willing to discuss with Stalin term that were not acceptable to Chiang Kai-She Meanwhile, Mr. Grew's proposals for hastenin victory by offering terms to the Mikado hav gone by the board. Instead of this appeal, Brita and America issued an ultimatum to Tokio whi was presumably approved by Stalin at Potsdam In laying down for Japan the conditions whi the Allies would in fact impose in demandin unconditional surrender, they adopted a poli which would have had a better chance of succes in the case of Germany, where we know that u to July of last year there were at least forc capable of threatening the Nazi regime. We kno of no such forces in Japan, and the Angl American invitation to surrender has been blunt rejected. Possibly the Russians may have bette success in propaganda to Manchuria, where di gruntled Japanese soldiers are more accessible t assault by psychological warfare. Anything th can be done to shorten the conflict on the Asiat mainland would be doubly welcome, since th prospect for the Japanese islands is now nothin but the physical destruction of Japanese urba civilisation, which will leave the victorious nation with a problem even more intractable than th of Germany.

Vienna

Reconnaissance parties of the British, Americ and French Armies have at last been permitte to enter Vienna. With them went the first co respondents. Their reports confirm the pictu of desolation, given by Mr. Lambert to th correspondents in Paris, but also make it clear th the Russians have brought in supplies whic should tide the city over the month of Augus Meanwhile, the wide divergences between th policies of the four occupying Powers, continu The Russians, while treating as "booty" wh a westerner would regard as "fixtures," see genuinely anxious to revive Austrian politic life as soon as possible. The British and Ameri cans continue to ban all anti-Fascist activity, bu show a tender regard for private property. It i to be hoped that the Potsdam Conference wi result in a clean-cut directive, which gives fu quadripartite recognition to Dr. Renner's Gover ment, and indicates the economic basis on whic an independent Austrian State can be base One condition of Austrian revival is the restor tion of contact between the Austrian Socialists an their comrades in the West. Mr. Lambert, it i now clear, went to Paris as the representative, no of the Government, but of the Socialist Party So far, he has not been granted a visa for a visit t this country. It would be an act of wisdom fo the Labour Party to invite him at once to a con ference in London, and to arrange for a retur visit to Vienna by British Socialists.

De Gaulle and the Constitution

By its heavy vote against de Gaulle's constitutional proposals, the Consultative Assembly has underlined the widespread opposition to a further term of government by a Cabinet responsible to nobody; but it has failed to produce an acceptable alternative to the Government's plan. The General's critics have no desire at present to push their opposition to a point where he is forced to resign—no one taking his threat to do so very seriously. But, if he refuses to make any substantial modifications in the plan, the forthcoming elections may result in a protest vote which will create an overwhelmingly Left Assembly, antagonistic to the authoritarian methods of de Gaulle but debarred, by the constitutional procedure on which he is insisting, from imposing its will on the Cabinet save by unconstitutional means. The General will be well advised to study the implications of the British elections.

The Charter and the Senate

The easy passage of the San Francisco Charter through the Senate—endorsed even by expected opponents such as Senators Taft and Wheeler—is a tactical rather than moral victory for President Truman's Administration. In sharp contrast to the great debate after Versailles there were moments when it was difficult to find enough speakers to keep the discussion going. Though the diehard opposition has doubtless reserved much of its criticism for the time when actual commitments under the Charter come up for review, the old isolationists shrewdly realised that a token vote in favour of the Charter was no more than a rather vague gesture of desire for a world without war. A negative vote would have discredited them without any obvious advantage. As Senator Fulbright rather sharply pointed out, the debate revealed a widespread belief that "we can have peace without paying anything for it." The Administration, bent on securing a resounding majority, carefully observed the rules of senatorial politics and played down the difficulties involved in any attempt to operate the Charter in a real rather than formal sense. Its victory, as a result, is so far more shadow than substance. The fight for the principles of the Charter—limited as they are—has just begun.

Coupon-clippers' Reaction

The reaction of the Stock Exchange and the middle-class investor to the election results has been logical and suggestive. The market values of Government Loans and other fixed-interest stocks have been practically unaffected—a reflection, this, of City belief that, while interest rates will be kept low, "controls" will check any tendency towards runaway price inflation. On the other hand, though there has been no rush of panicky selling, values of risk-bearing equities have fallen sharply. The fall is not confined to shares in industries ear-marked for nationalisation—rails, coal, electricity and steel—in whose case fears of "inadequate" compensation prompted investors to sell; it has extended to motors, radio and a wide range of companies manufacturing "marginal" luxuries and semi-durable consumers' goods. Here the investor's argument has clearly been that there will now be no "decontrol" boom; that Mr. Dalton will be less generous than Sir John Anderson in tempering the wind of E.P.T.; and that new capital is likely to be canalised into housing and large public works rather than into the "miscellaneous" market. As industrial shares generally were quoted at prices showing a dividend yield abnormally close to that of fixed-interest stocks, a market fall was inevitable as soon as hopes of another 1920 boom were dissipated. The real question that matters is whether there will be a "go-slow" tendency on the part of entrepreneurs, on the plea that capital cannot be raised for expansion in "political" uncertainty.

"BOLD, DECISIVE AND SENSIBLE"

This is what Mr. Churchill would call a great "climacteric" of our history—a moment when hidden forces, long-gathering, break through the crust and present an opportunity of achievement. Such a moment occurred in 1832 when the wave of democratic sentiment, born of the revolutionary movement in France, swept away an obstructive oligarchy and gave power to Reformers. They transformed local and central government, abolished monopolies, and tipped the balance of electoral power in favour of the industrial middle-class. The feudal gentry of Britain resisted, but gave way in time, thereby displaying a wisdom greater than their seventeenth century predecessors who had preferred civil war to admitting the supremacy of Parliament. Again in 1906 a Tory era of reaction and imperialism ended with a great Liberal victory. An able Liberal Government, with a great majority behind it, carried a substantial instalment of social reform, upheld the supremacy of the Commons and curbed the power of the Lords. To-day, once again, the popular forces that ended Divine Right three centuries ago, demanded Parliamentary reform in the 19th century and social services in 1906, have elected a government pledged to a historic task of reform.

For the first time the popular vote demands Socialism. For two generations the notion of deliberately organising social well-being instead of leaving it as the accidental upshot of a competitive struggle has been steadily making headway among industrial workers and professional people. Its victory is complete in 1945, because in addition to a solid vote in industrial areas, many agricultural workers, now effectively organised for the first time, have voted Labour in company with disillusioned service men and women and middle-class electors, who have lost during the war their fear of being on the same side as the horny handed sons of toil. Labour is no longer a class party; it is a national party. It is not revolutionary; it is in itself a popular front, and it is pledged to a practical, constructive, and comprehensible policy.

Those who watched the electorate before polling day, saw the rejoicing when the results were declared and since then studied the details of the majorities will agree that this was no flash-in-the-pan "agin' the Government" vote. It was a very deliberate vote. The Churchill Government has not been particularly unpopular, and there is no lack of gratitude to Mr. Churchill in any section of the community. True, Mr. Churchill erred, as no man whose judgment matched his capacity could have erred; no leader in history ever so swiftly and unnecessarily wrote himself down from greatness. True, Labour must thank Lord Beaverbrook for failing to expose any of its real weaknesses and boring the electorate incessantly with dreary nonsense and a disingenuous effort to turn a serious election into a one-man plebiscite. But when all the Tory mistakes are added up and every allowance has been made for the swing of the pendulum, it remains quite clear that this is the most deliberate possible vote for Labour and a policy of democratic Socialism. The Liberals who ran candidates in more than three hundred seats were nearly wiped out. They have finally lost those Western, Scottish and Welsh areas where Liberalism could hope to dominate and their two million voters are thinly scattered. The general verdict is that the voters did not want a minority government. To them, the Liberals seemed divided between disguised Conservatives and Socialists who were too timid to face the logic of their own thinking. The electorate wanted to return to the two-party system, through which alone, under the British Constitution, a positive programme can be carried out. For the same reasons Communist candidates and splinter groups of all kinds were emphatically rejected. In short the country had had enough of the Tories, had learnt to see through scares and irrelevance and wanted a Labour government in a position to give effect to a practical policy which accords with common sense and present needs.

Reform of Parliament is necessary to speed legislation; Lord Haldane's *Machinery of Government Report* has remained in the pigeon-holes of Downing Street since the last war. Speed is of the essence of the contract that Labour has made with the people of England. We have a right to demand swift action, and a Labour Government can be aided, as much as any other, by criticism. Criticism, indeed, is more easily come by than discipline in a body of nearly 400 Labour M.P.s, many of whom have fought all their political life in Opposition. We must strive to end within the Party both Trade Union domineering and irresponsible "Leftism." An immediately useful step would be to provide channels through which doubts, criticisms and questions can be regularly expressed to Ministers. As we learnt in 1931 it is easy for a Government, beset with administration problems, to grow out of touch with rank and file opinion. With hundreds of young and able back benchers at their disposal, a wise safeguard would be for Ministers to arrange, as part of the machinery of their Departments, regularly to consult with groups of M.P.'s and others, who have special knowledge and contact with outside opinion.

Mr. Morrison, who as campaign organiser had as much as anyone to do with achieving this victory, well summarised what the country demands of the new Government. It must, he said, be "bold, decisive and sensible." The adjectives are well chosen. No Government that fails in audacity in this situation is worth six months in office. Only a decisive Government can begin to tackle a situation in which mistakes will often be less damaging than hesitation. It is of the first importance that the new Government should understand the mood of those who elected it.

The public will demand much, but it is in no irresponsible or Utopian mood. It was a quiet, sober election; most of the voters had long made up their minds that they wanted Socialist change and were mainly concerned to assure themselves that the candidates were honest and determined about their programme. Candidates have never before been faced with so many intelligent or searching questions. Those who tried to turn the election into a circus have not done well at this election. Those who showed contempt for the electorate have been rejected; those who respected it were generally chosen. Freak candidates and cheap publicity hunters have usually found short shrift. Youth has been at a premium; the portion of "pensioners" is now very small indeed on the Government benches. People who wanted the State to organise building, to direct industry and develop the national resources in the public interest were not affected by slogans and red herrings. The supporters of this government want it, as Mr. Morrison says, to be "sensible" as well as bold and decisive. That means that the Government must not be diverted from its constructive job by obstruction or intimidation of the type which did so much damage to Britain in 1931 and which destroyed social democratic governments in France as well as in this country between the two wars. The Government is now armed with ample powers to deal with this kind of sabotage, and the country will expect these to be used if necessary. A sensible government will be one which at once begins to carry out its programme, which refuses to waste time, makes its determination and competence clear to everyone and which, above all, maintains behind it the confidence of its supporters by explaining what difficulties it has to overcome and what it is doing. In a word, it must keep its promises.

MR. BEVIN AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE

Mr. Bevin is one of the few men tough enough to reform the Foreign Office. He possesses a combination of qualities which distinguish him from his predecessors—including even Mr. Arthur Henderson. He is not—we rejoice to say—a diplomatist, in the sense that the Foreign Office uses that word: he is an experienced negotiator trained to do business not with professional diplomats but with all kinds of men of affairs. Unlike Mr. Eden, therefore, he has brought with him to the Foreign Office qualities which not one of his permanent officials possess. In the second place, his Trade Union responsibilities have given him a wide knowledge of social conditions in Europe, in the Empire and indeed throughout the world. He knows the peoples with whose governments he will have to deal and he is a man who is not afraid of those big ideas which permanent officials dismiss as sentimental. Finally, as he proved at the Ministry of Labour, he can deal faithfully with permanent officials who stick to traditional procedures at the cost of efficiency.

He will need these qualities if he is to shape the Foreign Office into a Department capable of bearing the burdens which will be laid upon it in the coming years. The Foreign Office is the only Ministry which has successfully resisted all efforts to modernise it, even during the war. Apart from minor modifications in the regional departments and the addition of one or two specialised sections like the news department, it has undergone no structural change whatsoever since 1907. What is needed now both in the Foreign Office and in the diplomatic service are reforms as drastic as Haldane's reorganisation of the War Office and the Army during the Liberal Government of 1906.

It is unlikely that Mr. Bevin will be much assisted in this task by the proposals for reform put forward by Mr. Eden in a recent White Paper. The decision to consolidate the diplomatic and consular services into a single service and to open it to a somewhat wider selection of entrants will produce changes no more rapid or profound than those achieved by Mr. Hore Belisha in his much-boosted democratisation of the Army just before the war. Not one of the new entrants could reach a key position in under 15 years. Moreover, the Foreign Office has a *mystique* more potent than that of the most select club or of the Bank of England. Against this *mystique* no young man, whatever his education, will be immune. Within a few years he will have been groomed and trimmed to the pattern, as unaware of his deficiencies and as "correct" in his attitude to "the Office" as any of his seniors. Changes in the method of selecting personnel are urgently needed, but they will be ineffective unless they are combined with changes in the structure of the Foreign Office itself and the introduction, at the highest level, of mature minds which cannot be moulded to the present eighteenth-century pattern.

Let us be clear on one point. For the narrow job of diplomacy—that is of communicating by word of mouth or in writing with other diplomats—the present Foreign Office and our diplomats overseas are excellently trained and equipped. If their responsibilities were indeed limited to diplomacy in this narrow sense, nobody could have any fault to find. But they carry vastly heavier responsibilities. The Ambassadors abroad and the Foreign Office at home advise the Cabinet both about the situation in foreign countries and about the policy to be adopted towards them. Apart from what he can read in his daily newspaper, a Cabinet Minister is almost entirely dependent on information derived from the Ambassador *via* the Foreign Office if he has to make up his mind on, for instance, the real situation in Spain, in Poland or in Greece. Inevitably, therefore, in presenting problems to the Cabinet the Foreign Office must very largely influence the decisions. There is nothing wrong in this provided that the Foreign Office is so organised and so staffed that it is competent to judge of social, political and economic trends and to express an objective opinion upon them. Unfortunately it is almost impossible for a professional diplomat, whether working abroad in an Embassy or at home in "the Office" to have either the contacts or experience on which to base such a judgment. He lives in a small professional and society world, and is seldom encouraged to understand the people or the currents of life in the country in which he resides.

In the second place the Foreign Office must have the responsibility for assessing the needs, economic and strategic, of the other Departments—Board of Trade, Treasury, and the Service Ministries—and formulating all these specialist needs as foreign policy. Foreign policy is not some peculiar relationship with other States exclusive to diplomatists; it is the outcome of the external relations of Great Britain with all countries outside the Commonwealth. For example, in order to enable the Cabinet to decide on its policy towards the freedom of the Dardanelles, a considered "brief," placing in correct perspective all the relevant factors—strategic, political, and commercial—in the Mid-East picture must be prepared, and it must conclude with a precise formulation of the possible courses of action and their likely consequences. The Foreign Office, therefore, must be a great deal more than the Whitehall Department to which our diplomatists abroad report. It must bear to other Departments with regard to external affairs the sort of relation which the Ministry of Production during wartime bore in regard to armaments. It must pull the various strands together and weave them into a single pattern. For that task "diplomacy"—the only experience of the present staff—is an insignificant part of the training required.

Yet Mr. Bevin will find that the only personnel at his disposal in the Foreign Office, either for assessment of the situation abroad or for the integration of foreign policy, is a small staff of professional diplomats. Ninety per cent. of the work of policy-making is at present done by regional departments. Each of these is manned by two or three officials, without any research assistants to support them and without even adequate secretarial staff. Many of these regional departments have to deal with half a dozen or more countries with which they have no specialist or personal acquaintance. At one time no member of the department dealing with the United States had ever visited America, and the Northern department, which deals with Russia among other countries, had no one in it with serious pretensions to expert knowledge of the U.S.S.R. These regional departments have to deal with all matters great and small. They have simultaneously to formulate basic policy and to conduct the negotiations on such routine matters as the arrest of a British subject. An out-of-date system of minuting from the junior official in the department up to the Permanent Under-Secretary is employed to deal with every matter that arises. The recommendations of the regional departments pass through an Assistant Under-Secretary to the Permanent Under-Secretary and thence to the Foreign Secretary himself. That is the sum total of the organisation of the Foreign Office. Whatever the quality of the men selected as entrants at the age of twenty-two, a Foreign Office so organised cannot possibly fulfil Mr. Bevin's needs.

Mr. Bevin will be the first to realise that the organisation of an adequate Intelligence Department is the first requirement of reform. At present there exists a library and nothing else. True, there are attached to the Foreign Office, as wartime accretions, the P.I.D., the various "Secret" agencies, and a section of Chatham House under Professor Toynbee. True, it announced that the Intelligence Section of th Ministry of Economic Warfare—notorious for i wildly inaccurate estimates of enemy productio —has been transferred to the Foreign Offic But so long as these ancillary organisations a controlled by the present Foreign Office sta and successfully pushed into a corner, the influence will be nil. During this war there ha been available in London social, political an economic intelligence unrivalled in any othe country. But none of this intelligence—unles it suited the bias of the Foreign Office—eve reached the Cabinet. During the Greek crisis for instance, there was overwhelming intelligenc available, indicating the true situation. But th Cabinet had to rely on a series of cables fron Mr. Leeper, embodying *rapportage* coloure to support Mr. Churchill's policy.

It is a cardinal principle of military organisatio that Intelligence should never tamper with Operations, or Operations with Intelligence. Those i charge of Intelligence should not be biased b any interest in Operations—and vice versa. Mr. Bevin might well adopt this military principle i the Foreign Office, and establish, alongside th present regional departments, dealing with curren affairs, an entirely independent Intelligenc Division, responsible directly to the Permanen Under-Secretary for the preparation of th necessary reports on economic, political and social conditions. Such a Division, had it existed, would have received Mr. Leeper's reports o conditions in Greece, and weighed their objectivity against the other evidence available. This would have stopped the present vicious circle, under which the man responsible for a mistaken policy is permitted to prepare the reports on the effects of his own mistakes.

The position in our Embassies and Legations is equally unsatisfactory. Staffed almost exclusively, on the policy level, with professional diplomats, they are quite incapable of sending home the information on economics, on public opinion and on social movements, which is essential to the formation of a sound foreign policy. During this war we were far better informed about social and political conditions in German-occupied Europe than about Latin America, because we had no ambassadors in Europe to mislead us. We relied on a careful analysis of press, radio and information from agents and prisoners of war. As each country was liberated, the wartime Intelligence organisation was wound up and responsibility was once more assumed by the Embassies and Legations. As a result, there is less reliable information about French internal politics available this year in Whitehall than there was in 1944.

Personnel for this new Intelligence work is fortunately available. In all three Services there are a large number of skilled and experienced intelligence officers who have been concerned throughout the war with political, social and economic problems. There are others in the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office itself, in the B.B.C. monitoring department, and in other civilian Ministries. There is the editorial staff of the daily "News Digest," a detailed summary of the European Press and radio, which was recently discontinued because the F.O. did not need it in peacetime. But it will not be long before these specialists, weary and sick of the Foreign Office contempt for any information which does not derive from a fellow diplomat, will have disappeared into civilian jobs. There is a magnificent opportunity, but Mr. Bevin will have to act quickly if he is to obtain the right staff for service at home and overseas.

But the best intelligence in the world is quite useless unless those who formulate policy are prepared to pay some attention to it. In the F.O. as at present staffed, an Intelligence Department would be discreetly sidetracked. The linking of intelligence and policy demands an even more drastic measure of reform.

(*To be concluded.*)

A LONDON DIARY

ABOUT a year ago I asked a member of the late Coalition how Cabinet business went when Mr. Churchill was away and Mr. Attlee presided. "Well," my friend replied, "when Attlee takes the chair, Cabinet meetings are business-like and efficient; we keep to the agenda, make decisions and get away in reasonable time. When Mr. Churchill presides, nothing is decided; we listen enthralled and go home, many hours late, feeling that we have been present at an historic occasion."

* * *

There is little disposition to say "I told you so" about the results of the election. No one told anybody how many seats Labour would get because, while it was certain that Labour would poll very heavily, there was no basis on which to make an estimate of the distribution of the votes. One of the best informed Transport House organisers exactly reproduced my state of mind when he said that Labour would come back with something between 220 and 400 seats! The only certainties, in short, were the recapture of many industrial areas and a swing of rural votes —but whether enough swing in the right seats could not guess. I kept recalling that Mr. Roosevelt's total majority of votes over Mr. Landon was small, but that he won 42 out of 48 States. The Gallup Poll, as Mr. Durant reminded us in Monday's *News Chronicle*, was remarkably accurate in estimating the voting. It was little more than 1 per cent. wrong in forecasting Labour's 48.8 per cent., the Tory 39.4 per cent., and the Liberal 9.2 per cent., and it was even more prophetic about the splinter parties. Perhaps the 1 per cent. error was due to Mr. Churchill's broadcasts or Lord Beaverbrook's electoral stunts? Anyway, my point is that, even if we had trusted this remarkably accurate Gallup Poll, we should not have known the distribution of seats.

* * *

"I feel that the country has been shockingly ungrateful to Mr. Churchill," said a friend to me during the week-end. In fact, such ingratitude is a proof of political maturity; it means that the electorate no longer confuses the man with the policy, the national hero of the war with the post-war party leader. We are all grateful to Mr. Churchill; I'd make him a Duke. Nor has Labour shown any lack of generosity. I never expected to see coals of fire more appropriately heaped than in Attlee's offer to Churchill to accompany him to Potsdam, or in the tumultuous applause which the great Labour audience at Central Hall awarded to Mr. Laski's warm words of gratitude to Churchill for his unparalleled services to the nation during the war.

* * *

The 400 Labour M.P.'s arriving in Beaver Hall for the first meeting of the Parliamentary Party gave a remarkable impression of youth and vitality. Instead of the usual array of professional politicians and Trade Union officials, there was a cross-section of the fighting services and the civilian population. It is, I believe, a fact that the election has reduced the average age of the Labour M.P. from 56 to a little over 40, and the proportion of Trade Union officials from over one-third to roughly one-quarter. For the first time the Parliamentary Labour Party is unquestionably a Socialist Party, and not merely the political wing of an industrial movement. This in itself is a revolutionary change which will do a lot to ensure that the Government presses ahead with real Socialist legislation. Another factor of great significance is the very high proportion of service M.P.'s —well over a third of the total parliamentary party. They are all concerned to get the Service man a square deal when he returns to civilian life, especially the disabled Service man whose pension at present is quite inadequate; and many of those with whom I talked are also going to press for drastic changes in the pay of the soldier who opts to stay in the Army. The new Secretary of State for War is going to find that the most professional criticism of the War Office comes from his own side. The debate on Army Estimates will no longer be a Tory monopoly.

* * *

I suspect that very soon the Government will be compelled to consider an increase in the salary of M.P.'s. Before this Parliament, the vast majority of M.P.'s were either men of private means or Trade Union officials who were subsidised by their unions. A tiny proportion eked out a Spartan existence on their £600—or rather on the £450 left after deduction of taxation. They were permitted to endure this because they were an insignificant minority. Now, for the first time in British history, a substantial proportion of the elected representatives share with their electors the common lot: they have no private means and no trade union subsidy. They have to pay for accommodation in London and at home and most of them are not able, like the bunch of journalist M.P.'s, to make up the deficit by free-lancing. There seems to be a very strong case, in view of the increased cost of living, for raising Members' salaries and providing a Government hostel for those who cannot find rooms in London.

* * *

At first glance, it looks as though Oxford, Cambridge, and London Universities had been unaffected by the swing to the Left. All five seats are held by "National" candidates, and J. B. Priestley, Mrs. Stocks and G. D. H. Cole have all been defeated, Mrs. Stocks, however, only lost by 149, and Priestley, on first preferences—that is by normal election methods—would have been comfortably elected. At Oxford, Cole was beaten outright on first preferences, yet he polled more than any previous Socialist candidate. But the really remarkable fact was the smallness of the total poll. At Cambridge 52 per cent. voted, at London 62.5 per cent. It is impossible to calculate the total poll at Oxford, but it can hardly have been much more than 50 per cent. I pointed out, before the election, that many of the younger generation and the soldiers, who swung the vote to the Left elsewhere, might never receive their voting papers.

* * *

Nothing became them so well . . . Mr. Duncan Sandys, I see, has redeemed whatever shortcomings he may have had as Minister of Works by at least providing one house (his own) for his eminent father-in-law. In an issue of greater moment, the late Minister of Town and Country Planning has deserved well of his successor by his decision, in the "caretaker" phase, to reject the Corporation's unimaginative, money-grubbing scheme for rebuilding the City of London. The remarkable air photograph published by *The Times* on Monday showed vividly how great an opportunity exists to do belated justice to St. Paul's, and how right Mr. W. S. Morrison was to tell the Corporation to think again.

* * *

In view of the world food shortage, can we allow farms in this country to be broken up, and their productivity impaired, by speculative purchasers who have no intention of farming the land efficiently? In a letter addressed last week to *The Times*, the Chairman of the East Sussex War Agricultural Committee drew attention to cases in that county in which speculators had recently bought up farms, sold the farmhouse at a high price as a country residence "with possession," disposed of the workers' cottages to London week-enders, and sold off the land at whatever price it would fetch, regardless of its agricultural utility. I know myself of similar instances. Some months ago, for example, a farm in Kent was sold to a breeder of pet dogs, who wanted only the house and the outbuildings, and who left the fields under growing crops derelict, until the Agricultural Committee stepped in and arranged for them to be dealt with by a neighbouring farmer. I entirely agree with the suggestion which Mr. Burdett-Coutts makes in his letter, that the consent of a competent tribunal should be necessary before any agricultural holding is alienated from its present use.

* * *

The blackout of news from the American-occupied Pacific is even more complete than the rumour-illuminated darkness of the Russian zone in Europe. In America, however, I find that some bits of information, mainly disturbing, are coming through from the Philippines. Freda Kirchwey has a strong article in the *Nation*, and *P.M.*, as usual bold and illuminating, tells a bitter and terribly familiar story. It seems that the clique of Spanish landowners, who used to control the country, who supported Franco and who now, led by a certain Andres Soriano, have grouped themselves with the industrialists, are in high favour with General MacArthur. Compare their position with that of the groups round the Kings of Greece or Belgium or Italy, and you find that the liberated Pacific is very much like some parts of liberated Europe. The resemblance grows when you learn that a moderate and weak Liberal government is holding on to power until some forthcoming elections, and that a plan for defeating it is being arranged, apparently with American goodwill, by Soriano in conjunction with Manuel Roxas, an open collaborator with the Japanese. The picture becomes complete when it is added that the party of the People's anti-Japanese Army, which aided the Americans in defeating the Japanese, but which is in part controlled by Communists, has been disarmed and suppressed.

* * *

It would be easy to write a long study of Margot Oxford and her environment. To write of the Margot I knew, except in platitudinous phrases, eked out by anecdotes, I find very difficult. I wish I had known her in her brilliant youth. Beautiful, clever, half-educated, witty, shrewd about people and always irreverent to every kind of bore, she must have been a staggering figure in the solid political circles of her young days. Her *Autobiography*, which deserved its great success, will always be a source book for historians who, without its aid, will find it difficult to recapture that remote atmosphere in which social grace, fun and confidence were still inseparable from the job of government.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to H. J. Alderson.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

In practice the Roman Catholic clergyman will make it a condition of solemnising the marriage that there shall be no other marriage ceremony except, of course, the legal marriage before the registrar. If, however, the parties are of sufficiently high social standing the condition may not be imposed.—*Doncaster Parish Magazine.*

What won the Battle of Britain? The private enterprise and inbred initiative of the boys in the Air Force who went up time and time again to bring down the sheep-like Germans brought up on nationalisation.—Letter in *Yorkshire Post.*

The British Embassy in Washington is busy explaining to all callers that the Foreign Office organisation carries on in the same old way, regardless of the elections. And it is telling Americans that they attach to the elections too much significance as a trend to the Left.—*Daily Express.*

A major said: "Only a few young bloods are fraternising. What we want here are cricket bats, not frauleins."—*Daily Express.*

A MEMORY OF 1924

On Thursday evening of last week my memory went back at a gallop to 1924. Then we were facing a stimulating adventure, the formation of Labour's first government. On that occasion, there was an interval of three weeks before Parliament met and Mr. MacDonald took office. Early in this interregnum Mr. Rakowsky, the Russian Trade Commissioner, asked me to spend an evening with him. He told me that he had been authorised to make a proposal of the first importance to Mr. MacDonald, which he asked me to convey to him, after we had talked it over.

It ran somewhat like this: "Hitherto there has been only one Socialist government in the world: to-morrow there will be two. Let us get together at once, and work out a common constructive policy of peace, which we should propose to the world together. It should begin with a drastic plan of all-round disarmament, the more radical the better. But it should not stop there. We should wish it to cover the whole field of world-policy, as Socialists see it." He then went on to remind me that Lord Curzon had bedevilled Anglo-Russian relations with a thick cloud of controversies—fisheries, three-mile limit, Tibet, Tsarist debts and much else. "None of these things matter to either of us as Socialists. If our experts meet, they can clear the board of them in a week or less. While that goes on, I want to talk to MacDonald about the one thing that does matter, our creative Socialist policy of peace." He wound up by asking me to arrange a meeting with J.R.M. and to act as host and interpreter.

I was startled but delighted. I talked it over as closely as I could. The chief difficulty was, I thought, that Labour believed in the League of Nations, which the Russians then regarded as "a thieves' kitchen." Rakowsky was sure that obstacle could be overcome. The Russian objection to the League was not one of principle. When I pressed him, he even said they would be willing to join it, if they were invited, subject perhaps to a reservation about some details of the Covenant.

I duly sent MacDonald a full *précis* of this conversation and asked him to meet Rakowsky as my guest at lunch. He answered promptly in his own neat handwriting. He refused to meet Rakowsky. Further, he had no intention of recognising the Soviet Union. His information was that it would collapse within six weeks. He would look foolish, if he were to recognise it on the eve of its fall.

Some of us then went to work to reverse this decision and succeeded, thanks largely to E. D. Morel's efforts. MacDonald then told me that though he personally would not meet Rakowsky, he would authorise Arthur Ponsonby, his Under-Secretary, to do so, if I would act as host. The meeting was uncomfortable. Ponsonby was obviously tied up in instructions that bound him hand and foot, and would talk of nothing but the City's debts. I tried and Rakowsky tried again and again to raise the real issue—a common Socialist policy of peace. We failed and my lunch ended unhappily with a sense of failure and disillusion.

I have often tried to guess how the history of Europe might have run, after this Russian initiative, if the first Labour Premier had been a Socialist, capable of a courageous and imaginative act. Is it too late for our two movements to meet again in the spirit of this offer of 1924? Has so much water flowed in the meantime under the bridges of Thames and Moskwa that there is no longer any difference between the Socialist approach and the normal bargaining of power politics? This time Attlee, with a secure majority behind him, is meeting Stalin, Generalissimo of the victorious Red Army. They need no intermediary and the legends of an early collapse are forgotten. They now meet as the masters of two great power-complexes. Then is it a dream of a vanished generation that they should meet as the heads of the world's two Socialist governments, linked by a common ideology? Never was there greater need for a common constructive Socialist policy of peace. The answer may well be that this ambition is hopelessly out of date; but if it be so, I suggest that both of us, Socialists and Communists, have the duty to think hard in order to discover the reason. Twenty years have changed us both.

H. N. Brailsford

BLACK AND WHITE

[From Our American Correspondent]

The Englishman who replied to an American slur on the efficiency of our railway system by demanding hotly "what about your treatment of the Negro," was only carrying to its logical conclusion the *tu quoque* farce of cross-Atlantic name-calling. Both sides seem to have forgotten that two problems do not make a solution, two blacks—however ill-treated—do not make a white supremacy justifiable. If only Britain and America could stop bickering and lecturing and start listening and learning, some progress might be made towards avoiding the most serious clash facing the western world to-day—the clash of colour.

There is plenty to listen to from the American side! The vital interest of the American people in this "race question" is amply demonstrated by the flood of literature on the subject that has poured forth in the last two years. The sociology of the Negro American is exhaustively set out in Gunnar Myrdal's recent book *The American Dilemma*. The story of the Negro soldier is vividly told by Walter White in *A Rising Wind*. But far more important than either in impact on the public mind are two best selling novels published in the past six months, Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit*, and Richard Wright's *Black Boy*.

In the same period how many books have our general public read on the place of the British Colonial? The reason for the greater American concern is, of course, that their colonial problem is at home, where both charity and self-interest begin. Pity and fear combine in urging that something should be done for the 13 million brown Americans, one-tenth of the whole nation. Both pity and fear have been strengthened by the war. Pity because of the glaring contrast between the war ideals of fighting for democracy and to overthrow Nazi racial ideology, and the realities of Negro disfranchisement, segregation and discrimination. Fear because of the memories of 1919 when race riots flared as the thousands of Negroes sucked into the war machine were the first to be laid off into permanent unemployment—this time there are millions.

But it takes two to unmake a quarrel, especially so ancient a quarrel as that between black and white Americans. The most striking lesson of Richard Wright's autobiographical novel is that race hatred is not confined to the whites. In his fascinating description of a Negro boy growing up in the South between the wars, he shows how the balance is achieved between a deep consciousness of hostility to the white race, and the humble submissiveness through which alone a Negro could hope for a peaceful life, if not life itself. On the one hand was the aggression of youth, on the other the powerful modifying influence of the whole society, especially black society, where hunger was combined with a wisdom that knowledge of impotence had taught the elders of the tribe.

This whole balance has been upset by the war, as Walter White found in a tour of Negro troops in Europe. In the Army the young Negroes are removed from the influence of the elders, and are freed from fear of hunger and unemployment. They are fed the propaganda of this war against the idea of a Herrenvolk, against the man or the race who pushes others around. They have learnt from their army training in Europe that submissiveness is not the first and great commandment, that the enemy—though white folks—can be attacked and have been beaten. They know that their country needs them, for they are dying for their country.

At the same time that the repressions on action have been lifted from the Negro mind, the antipathy to their white countrymen has not been relieved. For America has, in Mr. White's words, "two armies, one white, one black." Wherever the American Army went—and that was everywhere—it carried with it this peculiar institution. There were white clubs and coloured clubs; white messes and coloured messes. The Negroes were quick to find that segregation is not an inevitable part of the order of nature, for it was regarded as most unnatural amongst the inhabitants of Britain and was almost unheard of even in fascist Italy. "Almost without exception," writes Mr. White, "the brightest note in the stories of all Negro soldiers . . . was the story of friendships they had formed with British people."

Much progress has been made recently. Whites feel that many of the discriminatory laws are "anachronistic." The Poll tax which disfranchised 95 per cent. of the Negroes in the States where it applied, has been abolished in three out of eleven States. But a Federal Bill to declare the poll tax illegal throughout the United States has met the fate of the anti-lynching Bill—strangulation by a tiny minority of southern Congressmen who know how to manipulate congressional procedure. There has also been progress in the great Negro sore spot of housing. There are numerous plans for better, cheap housing "in the Negro district"; but attempts to declare illegal the restrictive covenants by which Negroes are confined to ghetto areas of the city have failed.

Judging the Negro frame of mind from the works we have mentioned, it is perfectly apparent that such measures, however far they are carried, will be regarded as palliatives only. The Negro serviceman feels that he has a right not merely to a better chance, but to a really equal chance. He feels that it is not enough to better the lot of his race, but to stop his race being a permanent proletariat. After weathering a filibuster and some four weeks of stormy debate the Fair Employment Practices Committee has been given funds by Congress to attempt to prevent discrimination in employment. It remains to be seen how far it is possible to outlaw prejudice.

America has a stiff problem. We can keep our fingers out, but not wash our hands of the problem. In this One World the coloured man in Georgia watches the fate of the coloured man in Papua or in Bombay. According to Mr. White "he senses that the struggle of the Negro in the U.S. is part and parcel of the struggle against imperialism and exploitation in India, China, Burma, Africa the Philippines, Malaya, the West Indies and South America." Many, perhaps most of us, were shocked by the American system of discrimination. We can find two outlets for our righteous indignation; we may exacerbate the whole situation by denouncing America as a backward and inhuman barbarism, or we may attempt to improve the situation by showing that a better system is feasible in all the places where our administrators rule coloured people.

DREAMING OF ENGLAND

Dreaming of England
King Alfred burnt the farm-wife's cakes
And, for our sakes
Quite often Jesus missed the last mule home
Though from efficient Rome
Even Cæsar made mistakes,
And left his boy Britannicus behind.
Milton was blind
To lots of things quite obvious to me.
Yet he could see
Some things worth ten of these.
So, on my knees,
I'll daily pray that I
May not, in dodging puddles, miss the sky.

Harry Roberts

HERE'S YOUR FIDDLE

Here's your fiddle, Su. They tell me it's a good fiddle, *schon et bon marché*. It can't have been my fault that they think I'm the new soloist in the Hamburg Philharmonic, which starts any day now; it can't have been my fault that the rehearsals of the Philharmonic and the proceedings of the Hamburg Circus were held up 24 hours. All I wanted to bring back for you was a fiddle. Here it is.

It isn't in a case, for they tell me there isn't a case left in all Germany. We had a long talk about that, and Allied bombing, and (since all conversations tend to go haywire these days) we also got on to London and Tokio and thence of course to the non-frat laws. Everything always ends there, with the non-frat. But somehow I got back to the case for the fiddle, saying "No case, no fiddle." And that's why your fiddle comes in a coffin, a baby's coffin, newly made of plywood.

It wasn't the carpenter's fault. The high-powered secretary detailed to get me a fiddle in a violinless Germany had work enough to get me into the shop where they were said to be concealing an instrument or two. In three languages she tossed around the name of the Control Commission and the Philharmonic, and soon I was on my way, to be ushered into the store with some ceremony. There were several witnesses of the deal. They all played the instrument when strings and bridge had been assembled. They played it divinely, for word had gone round that a tycoon of the Philharmonic had come personally to buy the only fiddle in Germany, and they all wanted jobs in the Phil. At last they asked me to play. I said "Not now." *Nicht jetzt*. My German is like that. And my fiddling is like that.

I paid marks, and not cigarettes. It could have been 225 cigarettes, but I paid 450 marks, worth £11 to me and £22 to them. The cigarettes would have cost me about 25s., and they could have sold them on the black market for the equivalent of about £40. (The price of a cigarette when bought is 2 marks, and when sold to the German again is 4 marks). But on my heart, I paid money for the fiddle. They can't get me for that.

It was seriously suggested by the assembled musicians that I walk about Germany for the next six weeks with a fiddle in my hand. It seemed a very frail fiddle, and I could not see myself going through the agony of demobilisation with the instrument, naked like that. It was then that I said "*kein case, kein violin*." The telephone went again, and I drove the Mercedes Benz to the other end of the wire to find out what was going on. Plenty was going on, and the glamour-secretary slipped into French for my benefit with a muttered "*Ces musiciens !*"

The line of impresarios, cabaret owners, clowns and soldiers still waited in the ante-room while she summoned a carpenter. Bitterly she said: "Construct a box by sixteen hours for the Herr Major who has bought the only fiddle in Germany!"

The next clown moved into the room with his supplication to be allowed to mime and tumble in circus-happy Hamburg.

This was no haphazard quest for a fiddle. The first advertisement in a German paper since the peace was for your fiddle. In Hanover, the ballet halted while your wishes were broadcast. In Haw-Haw's room at Hamburg Radio, the matter was threshed out, and the concert room combed in case perhaps some violinist was dying, with no further use for his catgut. No fiddle.

One has to get to Hamburg. It is true that a man can stand at the roadside and thumb his way to San Francisco these days, but there are other ways of doing it. The Merc Benz, for instance, and I agree it was against the law to drive it through the American enclave so fast with a piece of paper on the windshield that looks like the official pass. And I agree the car was "hot" and should not be on the road at all. And, all right, I agree that the order to visit Hamburg at all was written by myself. But you can't be perfect. And I still say I paid real money.

The proceedings took two days. Now Hamburg nights are a thing of memory, and sure enough the silhouette of the water front was still there; the lake with a yacht on it; the Atlantic Hotel bar; the tall church spire rising still above the ruins of the night club quarter; the ugliest bridge in North Germany; and over all the sense and the knowledge of death and disaster: 20,000 dead and a quarter million casualties one July night. And I remembered the Swedes and the Norwegians of Hamburg 20 years ago, and the waterside cafes and the sound of the hooters of steamers for Southampton and New York. That was a city. That was Cosmopolis.

The man who served us rye whisky at the Country Club saw the irony of it. He had been a sergeant major two months ago, and had served on the Russian front. He sang "*Wir fahren gegen England*" with spirit, accompanied by three British officers with fine tenor voices. They then sang Russian songs, and a few English, and "Lili Marlene" in both versions, and "My Brother Sylveste"—ALL the verses—while the sergeant major brought more drinks. Yes, he saw the irony of that; the Union Jack above the Club; himself, an Ober-Feldwebel, serving drinks like a common waiter; and above all the British singing that vain-glorious "*Wir fahren gegen England*."

How starved men and women become for entertainment and in so short a time. Here came two military bands and three hundred troops six abreast. They swung through the main streets and every man knew he was showing the Germans, the experts, what it means to march. Their trousers were newly creased, their berets were all askew at the correct angle, and they were saying to themselves: "We can't do the goose-step, but by God we don't want to. Let them see a Line Regiment at 120 to the minute, behind drums and fife. . . ."

The Herrenvolk lined the pavements. In front of the parade the newly painted green and white jeeps chivvied the crowds like sheep-dogs. The white gauntlets of the red-caps flickered, and the motor bikes bucked and roared. Hamburg won't want to see another carefully-staged parade again; this was better, this impromptu march of a few hundred men, marching with a confidence that goose-steppers never knew. The rain came, but the men marched on, soaked through. The crowd stayed too. This is what they want to see—this and the circus.

Chief diversion at the circus, it is true, has been the spectacle of British warrant officers riding the Loop the Loop in solitary and unhappy state. I do not know if there is a Tunnel of Love in the circus grounds, but if there is I have no doubt that the same warrant officers career solemnly through it, wondering why it has lost its appeal. But for a time they were the only customers. The circus was for British troops alone. And no doubt the warrant officers said to themselves, "He rides fastest who rides alone." But still and all. . . .

Well, here's the fiddle, Su. *Voici l'instrument. Endlich hier ist das violin.* It came back from Hamburg all right in the child's coffin in plywood that the carpenter made for it, and no doubt it will survive demobbing and the brutal British customs. My baggage, when I go to draw that snap-brim fedora, shirt-with-two-collars, 56 days' pay and a railway warrant will be: one case champagne tied with telephone wire; two typewriters, one my own and one liberated; one child's coffin believed to contain a fiddle.

Play it well, Su. For this isn't only a fiddle. This is a triumph. The British CAN organise.

Vernon Blair

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d. Forces Air Mail, 1½d.

RADIO NOTES

Postscript. Searching for the reason why many listeners should have found the commentary spoken during the broadcast of *Peter Grimes* irritating, although it was discreetly and unaffectedly delivered, I have come to the conclusion that this was simply due to the unnecessarily heavy volume at which the narrator's voice was put out. Frederick Grisewood was actually speaking quietly, but the engineers' balance made him seem to bellow: the voice was made far louder than it needed to be for easy audibility. In this connection I have often noticed that in general listeners tend to keep their sets at full volume when the broadcast is spoken, but turn it down directly music of any kind starts, so that it becomes scarcely audible. Has this vicious practice—which should, of course, be exactly reversed—perhaps infected the auditory judgment of Programme Engineers?

The German and Italian Languages. When, on the outbreak of war, it was decided that German should not be allowed in the Home services, even in the form of recordings of German songs, etc., the reason given was a security one. In due course Italian was put under the same embargo, allegedly on the same account. This ruling caused a good deal of annoyance in musical quarters, and eventually, when it was pointed out that the reasons given for the embargo were really too fantastic to be believed, the authorities betrayed embarrassment and stammered something about the public's being unable to bear to hear the languages in question, even when sung. Whatever the truth of this vexed matter may have been, there can surely be no valid excuse for maintaining the ban now. Yet I believe it to be still in force. Are we to be permanently deprived of the voices of some of the greatest singers, both living and dead, who have recorded German and Italian opera, and German *Lieder*, in their own languages? Is it really true that, for instance, a British mother who had lost a son in the war would be outraged by hearing *Der Nussbaum* or *Vissi d'arte* sung in the original? I cannot think so. And if we are permitted—as we have been—to hear Britten's *Michelangelo Sonnets* sung in Italian by an English tenor, is it to be supposed that we should feel differently about them if they were sung in the same language by an Italian?

Opium-Eater. This programme, originally broadcast for the first time some years before the war, has remained in the memories of those who heard it then as something peculiar and outstanding. I felt last week that we had remembered right—but only in some respects Speaking as an authority on De Quincey, I think the authors of this play picked their episodes cleverly: the portrait they built up was as faithful and convincing as any one could hope to realise in the circumstances; and the programme as a whole was curiously exciting. But the solution of the chief difficulty—that of De Quincey's tone of voice—eluded the producer. Like Shelley, whom as a youth he in many ways resembled, De Quincey was innocent, childlike and appealing. But neither was a whining ninny. Intelligent and often moving as Esmé Percy's performance was, it tended to a monotony of injured pathos which was only just not disastrous to the broadcast. The lavish and not always necessary music might profitably have been revised.

Theseus and the Minotaur. This production attempted too little. Patric Dickinson has far more imagination than the majority of people working in radio, as well as a very pretty sense of metre; yet in this piece he seems deliberately to have demanded as little as possible from the forces available The play got off to a rather slow start; but the sequences were cunningly enough contrived, if only the resources of the medium had been fully exploited—as they must be, in a case like this, where the listener has to be given every possible assistance. But no: Mr. Dickinson and Miss Barbara Burnham plumped for austerity; so we were given no *visual* impression at all; the tasteful and evocative music of Mr. Leighton Lucas was forbidden to do anything but fill in the gaps between the scenes; and during an ensemble one got no impression of the scene, because the voices were just actors walking up to the mike one after another. When Theseus's boat was approaching land, the poetry did not rise from the ground, because there was no music to raise it. And there was no music for the first meeting of Theseus and Ariadne, and—still more heinous—none for Theseus's entry into the labyrinth; so that these crucial scenes simply evaporated, making only the minimum impression. Such a pity, too, because the poetry was there, and it was on the whole beautifully spoken. Well, when Programme C is started, let us have this play all over again, with clearer intentions; and let it be finally understood that you cannot do this kind of thing, on the air, without a far more elaborate, careful, and thorough-going use of music than was attempted here.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*August 5th.* Shakespeare's Characters: Orsino (4.15); Science Magazine, I (7.15); "The Watchers Watched" (S. Potter, 10 p.m.).

August 7th. "An Odd Freak" (W. W. Jacobs, 6 p.m.); "What can we learn from the War?" (Dr. Welch, 10.10 p.m.); Piano recital: Solomon (10.25).

August 8th. "Notebooks of the Barrow" (play by V. Sackville-West, 9.45 p.m.).

August 9th. Bach-Handel concert (10 p.m.); "The Pie and the Pattypan" (11.3 p.m.).

August 10th. "Dr. Abernethy" (play, 10 p.m.); "Light Relief" (Anthology, 11.45 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

WHEN WE WERE MUCH OLDER

(*With abject apologies to A. A. Milne*)

Herb, Herb
Morrison, Morrison,
Said one day to Clem:
"Can't you get in
To that show at Berlin
Without going in with *them*?
For if I may say so without any malice
We're changing guard at Buckingham Palace.

Then, when
They had an election,
Up spoke Winnie the Pooh:
"If you miss the bus
You can go with us
But we *aren't* going there with *you*."
(A face looked out that wasn't the King's—
Just Laski, keeping an eye on things.)

Dubb, Dubb
The British elector
Rose one day from his bed;
He missed his view
Of delphiniums (blue)
But there were geraniums—red!
And what should he find at the foot of the stairs
But Winnie the Pooh *who was saying his prayers!*

(*Very softly*)

H*rb, H*rb
M*rr*s*n, M*rr*s*n,
Said next day to Cl*m:
"Now you can go
To Uncle J**
While *I* look after *them*.
But just between me (and L*sk*) and you,
What *is* the matter with W*nn** the P**h?"

REGINALD REYNOLDS

THE MOVIES

"The Conspirators," at Warner's

"Steel" and "Junior Miss," at the Gaumont

Take away the references to an Underground Movement and in *The Conspirators* you have an international spy thriller of Oppenheim vintage. Everyone, in well-lit and well-fed Portugal, is playing the old game meticulously. A stranger (Paul Henreid) arrives with a pass-word, something about pawnshops and dead hopes. First he says it to a blind beggar, who directs him to a café, where Peter Lorre picks up a dropped cigarette-case, directing him to another café and finally to the pawn-shop where none, apparently, except conspirators go. Uncle is, of course, Mr. Sidney Greenstreet: who else could it be? He hides in an upper room, observing visitors through a panel, or else—being apparently untouchable—parades his bulk in the casino. All roads lead in the end to the Estoril gaming-room where at ten minutes to the hour both sides, the Underground boys and the Nazi boys, pack the table, waiting for an all-important code-number to be disclosed. I must say it's as exciting as baseball and almost as gentlemanly as cricket. There is a traitor among them and he's the noblest of the lot really, because the double-game means taking twice the number of risks. He gives them a good chase. But before that the beautiful stranger (Hedy Lemarr) must entice us, and, having enticed, seem to betray. No international spy thriller would be complete without that particular love interest and the toasts—"To the most beautiful woman in Lisbon!" (or was it "Europe"?)—that go with it. *The Conspirators* is an enjoyable film in its highly orthodox way, but I notice that it comes from a novel by Frederic Prokosch, with the same title. Can this really be Mr. Prokosch's sort of fiction? I know him as a highly coloured romantic poet—or is it merely that, on the films, Hemingway, Graham Greene and Prokosch turn out to be all the same?

Steel was recommended in these notes when it was press-shown in a batch of British Council films a little while ago. This documentary, written and directed by Ronald H. Riley, tells one quite a lot about the processes of British steel production and makes a vivid pictorial use (in Technicolor) of its material. Some of the sequences of blast furnace and gas oven are startling; the few quiet exteriors emphasise this melodrama of glaring steel. My chief criticism of an effective documentary is only that, despite excitement, it remains static and so seems to repeat itself, though probably in fact it does not.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Re-opening of the Wallace Collection

First the National Gallery, now the Wallace Collection begins, tentatively, to uncover once more the treasures of its dazzling elegance. Bleared and dim as one's eyes have become, after nearly six years of actual and artistic blackout, one staggers dizzily from glowing enamel to brilliant canvas, from diamond-encrusted objects to the apple green and pink and *bleu du roi* of Sèvres porcelain. Not everything has yet returned to Hertford House, but what is there is representative of the most astounding private collection of *objets d'art* ever made. Notice particularly the fifteenth-century missals, the two Palissy dishes with their reliefs of snakes and their woodland colouring, at the Guardis (they make Canaletto look like a pavement artist). The smirk of Franz Hals's over-dressed cavalier is as self-satisfied as ever; but turn rather to the Velasquez and the Gainsboroughs, and compare the latter's always beautiful surface with the nasty, bituminous impasto of the neighbouring Sir Joshuas. There are signs of vexatious re-gilding, and sometimes one wishes the lighting better (not all the windows yet have glass) or less direct. Still, the general impression of taste and discrimination is gorgeous and overwhelming. Even the ugly objects have the justification of supreme *facture*: Count Demidoff's malachite columns—the monstrous gilt clock, with its bloated goddess and face askew—the lavish barometer of lapis lazuli which marks the temperature above which it is inadvisable to maintain silkworms. But if you wish to gauge the depth of our present fall from civilisation, peer closely into the cases of snuff-boxes. Here, in a few square inches of chased gold, enamel, jasper and diamonds, is enshrined the imagination of that century which valued above all else the sense of individual quality.

Correspondence

TOOLS TO FINISH THE JOB

SIR,—Labour has been put into power on probation. It is up to us now to show in action that we can use the chance for which we asked.

But a big majority in the House is not enough. We need two further things to give us the power necessary to carry out the definite policy on which we were returned to office. We must have two more tools to finish the job.

First, we should act promptly on the Parliamentary Problems and Procedure Report, drafted by the National Executive and adopted by the Annu Conference of the Labour Party in 1937. Mr. Morrison confirmed at Blackpool last Whitsun that that report, broadly speaking, remains our policy.

The Report gives an outline of the measures concerning the allocation of Parliamentary time, financial procedure, and the wider use of delegated legislation that a Labour Government would adopt immediately. It also states what steps the Government would take, if and when necessary, to deal with any obstruction in the country or from the Lords.

The second instalment of power we must have to finish the job is majorities in the borough and county councils in the forthcoming Local Government elections. Here, too, an announcement by the Government during the debate on the Address of their determination to adopt as speedily as possible a measure to which the Party is already committed would be of immense help. I refer to the statement in the Report entitled *The Future of Local Government; the Labour Party's Post-war Policy*, that

> Statutory provisions should be made to ensure that no man or woman who serves the public interest as a member of Regional or Area Authorities should suffer financial loss as a consequence.

At the present moment divisional and borough Labour parties all up and down the country are actively engaged in trying to pick as good candidates as they can to fight in November for the large number of seats that will fall vacant.

I know from the experience of my own constituency (Gateshead), and from what my colleagues tell me of what is happening in theirs, that the big snag in inducing the right type of candidates to come forward is the question of compensation. If it became known before the Parliamentary recess begins on August 27th that the Government would introduce a Bill in the autumn compensating councillors for the loss of income resulting from the performance of their public duties, such compensation to date from the polling day in the November Local Government elections, there would be an immediate and general rise all over the country in the quality of Local Government candidates.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons.

GREEK INTERNMENT CAMPS

SIR,—With reference to Critic's remarks on the subject of Greek internment camps in N. Africa, I can give you a small amount of information about one at Tmimi, in the desert roughly midway between Derna and Tobruk, the two nearest inhabited places.

Some time ago, in the course of duty, I happened to be on an ambulance which called in at the camp. It was situated just off the main road, set back perhaps a mile or two from the sea. The camp was entirely tented and seemed fairly large. An almost continuous sandstorm was blowing through the camp, frequently sending visibility down to a few yards. It was the worst one I have ever seen in a camp. Personal experience of sandstorms teaches what they mean in physical discomfort; the sand blows into literally everything—tents, belongings, clothes, and food. An R.A.M.C. orderly, stationed at the camp, told me that the sandstorms blew there most days of the year from 9–10 a.m. to 6–7 p.m. It was localised to the camp because the sand there had been well churned up and was easily lifted by the constant daily desert wind eddying round the tents.

Naturally, the situation of the camp was a deterrent to escape, but I observed drawn up at one point about 10 armoured cars. I do not know exactly how many Greeks there were in that camp at that time. However, while we waited several long lines of Greeks were marched out, with others in about a dozen 3-ton trucks, to go bathing. The numbers I saw myself must have been nearer two than one thousand. Several of the armoured cars manœuvred on the flanks of the men walking and in trucks; my informant said that this was the usual practice. He also stated that they went bathing every day and I gathered that this was their only form of recreation. So far as I know they had no work.

I have only one other observed fact to report about this camp. At that time I was struck with the fine bearing, general demeanour and good physical condition of the men, often stripped to the waist, as they walked past.

There is one further point perhaps worth putting on record. Owing to some "trouble" with one or more of these Greeks when ill, it was laid down by authority that none of them would be admitted to hospital (nearest available being a British one at Tobruk) unless they were suffering from a condition requiring urgent surgical intervention or were otherwise seriously ill. All other cases were treated at the small hospital at the camp.

The picture drawn does not, perhaps, sound so very horrific, but I can only say that I shall always remember the feeling of shame and disgust when I saw the camp and realised some of the implications of living in such a place as a prisoner for one, two, or more years, having especial regard to the fact that the occupants were our allies and were guilty only of wanting a democratic government in their own country. (Even at that time some of us knew much of the truth about Greece.) Such an existence can have only one effect—to make the men subjected to it have a lasting hatred of England.

Major, R.A.M.C.

INDIAN PRISONS

Sir,—Mr. Sen's letter of July 14th attempts to show that there is no *real* difference between the Buchenwald spirit and that prevalent in the Indian police and prison administration. Pulled up by Miss Rathbone's protest (July 21st) he now offers a little evidence. By adducing a Provincial Annual Report on Prison Administration he destroys his own case, unless we are to suppose that, e.g., the Belsen "butcher" kept account, made report, or followed any code of punishments, not to mention of tortures and murders. Prison administration in India, including the Andamans, is governed by a humane Code, open to public inspection and criticism and often amended to meet it. Visitors, official and non-official, have access to every prisoner. Complaints are invited and carefully investigated. No Code will prevent an occasional act of cruelty, whether in India or any other country. Mr. Sen likes to present his instances as "typical." So far as there is truth in them they are exceptions, and the marvel is that, in a country of four hundred million people, there are so few such cases. The point, however, is that cruelty as a policy to body or mind in the Nazi manner is absolutely foreign to the Code and conduct of Indian prisons or camps. Any instances of cruelty are sought out and, if proved, punished.

Mr. Sen's statement that "sadists are put above the law in India, as in Germany," is not true. To support it his pen has completely run away with him in blackening the character of his fellow-countryman, Babu Kamakhya Sen. If my memory serves the latter was appointed, with others, as a special magistrate to deal with a large number of terrorist crimes. At the time, magistrates and witnesses were often intimidated with threats of death. Powers of special magistrates would be strictly defined by law and subject to appeal or review by the High Court. Because he refused to be intimidated, Kamakhya Sen was murdered. Mr. D. M. Sen's apparent satisfaction with this crime seems not far removed from the spirit his letter is at pains to condemn. Kamakhya Sen had no opportunity whatsoever to become a "master in the art of cruelty" nor to exercise any "barbarous jurisdiction." Nor in fact did he do so. He was a man, I believe, of great courage and unblemished character. It is fantastic to suggest that the powers of a special magistrate to deal with a class of cases then very numerous and outside ordinary routine gave the magistrate a free hand to commit any acts of cruelty at all.

Police and prison officials have no "uncontrolled authority" in India. Mr. Sen's criticisms now boil down to a need for a "thoroughgoing reorganisation" of the penal and police systems. Since 1936 it has been open to entirely Indian Provincial Governments to make it. It is easy to criticise the jail Code punishments, but it is not so easy to suggest alternatives to ensure the bare minimum of jail discipline and security. Even the much maligned daroga must have some authority, and I guess it will not be less abused under Indian than under British administration.

Little Combe, H. Quinton
Mayfield, Sussex.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

Sir,—In his penetrating survey of education in rural England, Sidney Dark puts his finger on the crux of the situation when he writes: "*The managers all belong to the class who would not dream of sending their children to the village school.*"

Mr. Dark seems to imagine that things are different in urban England, where council schools, controlled by elected representatives, are the normal educational unit. My experience as a member of the Education Committee of a large county borough makes me believe that Mr. Dark's criticism represents the crux in our educational system almost as much in the town as in the country.

One thing at least is certain, namely, that the number of city councillors who are content to leave their children to be educated in the "Senior" schools, in which the vast majority of the nation's children receive their education after 11, has steadily dropped till it is reaching almost vanishing point. Moreover, there is no evidence whatever that the change in nomenclature from "Senior" to "Secondary" has in the least allayed this prejudice.

R. St. John Reade

Sir,—Since "Manager" has raised the question of the present acute shortage of teaching staff, may I put another aspect of the problem, which I think merits consideration?

I am a trained teacher, with a first-class honours degree, and three years' experience of teaching in the schools and three in adult education. I am willing to go back to teaching during the present shortage, but am unable to do so because I can find no one to look after my home and nine months' old baby—no one, that is to say, at a wage that would leave me anything in pocket after deduction of my own income-tax. The local Nursery School holds out no hope—full up and with a long waiting-list. And mine, I believe, is not an isolated case. If therefore the authorities are really concerned to obtain more specialist labour for the schools—and the recently announced scheme for drafting unqualified persons into education makes this appear doubtful—but *if* they are, then let us have either more Nursery Schools, properly equipped and staffed, or else salaries that will enable us to compete with the higher grade Civil Servant and the successful shopkeepers in obtaining such domestic labour as is now available. Until such steps are taken I and others in my position will continue to function as char., cook, and queue-upper, while in the meantime the education of the electorate is handed over in large part to an army of semi-trained, scamped through a twelve-months' course, and even including some—so thorough is our democracy—who have never themselves advanced beyond the Elementary School. Heaven help us! I know our Elementary Schools.

One further point. The cost of this wasteful whirligig, whereby the clerk goes into teaching, the teacher into domestic service, and the domestic servant—who knows whither she has gone?—the cost of all this must be borne in the main by the taxpayer: for the vast majority of our younger teachers have been educated and trained largely at the expense of the State. Can we not do better than this with our national investments?

Enid L. O. Stewart

31, Lyttelton Court.
N.2.

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JONATHAN CAPE

WHY NO NURSES?

Sir,—As a student nurse in my third year, I heartily endorse your correspondent's article in The New Statesman of July 21st. The short supply of nurses in training is much more due to conditions of living than to conditions of working. The improvements most needed are: Greater personal freedom when we are off duty; hostels managed by wardens unconnected with the hospitals, instead of nurses' homes under the authority of the hospital matrons; adequate sitting-rooms, rooms for study, and bedrooms properly warmed and lighted; meals prepared by cooks who will not spoil good material. Nurses in their first year are perhaps too tired or too frightened to protest; those in their third year are looking forward to better surroundings when they are qualified. Students in their second year are most likely to have reasonable opinions and to be able to express them. In the hospital where I work second-year nurses made many remonstrances to the governing body, but were always told that we meddled with what was not our business. We are however, determined to continue trying to improve our lot, though we know that any who are thought to be agitators may be indirectly penalised. Is there any hope that the Ministry of Health will look into the living conditions of student nurses? If not, surely public opinion in its own interest will insist on improvement.

Third-Year Nurse

Sir,—Your correspondent V.A.D. has well selected those grievances which most gall the average nurse. But her suggestion that nurses are "too tired" for organised resistance reflects a common misconception. Many nurses are certainly tired, but those of the younger generation are far from apathetic, and their handicaps should be better understood. The first of these—the ethical impossibility of a strike—is rightly taken for granted both by the public and the profession. The second, and the real deterrent to active campaigning in the hospitals, has not, within my notice, been mentioned in public discussion. I refer to the refusal, almost universal among Matrons, to give open testimonials. All nurses' references are thus sent and received in confidence; this is the wide-open door to victimisation, and it is this which, more than any single factor, gives the Matron dictatorial power.

While the shortage lasts, hints that Nurse So-and-so is "a trouble-maker," or "too friendly with the medical staff," cannot deprive her of a living; they still can, and do, block her career, however good her working record. The stranglehold given by this system is so well recognised that even liberal-minded Matrons would be more than human if they wanted to see it changed. But it is, of course, in just those hospitals where there is most room for criticism and complaint that its grosser abuses flourish. Hence the lack of enterprise which has understandably puzzled V.A.D.

S.R.N.

TRUTH AND THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Sir,—I heard recently, on what seemed to me to be good authority, that the Archbishop of Westminster had forbidden or discouraged discussion in the Catholic press of my letter in your issue of March 17th, and that some Catholic editors were exceedingly annoyed about this. In my letter of March 17th, I stated my reasons for suspecting that our Roman Catholic propaganda in the education campaign of 1942-1943 had been dishonest and untruthful, and I asked, for reasons which I also stated, whether we Roman Catholics ranked Authority above Truth.

On July 11th I wrote to the Archbishop, and to the editors of the *Tablet* and of the *Catholic Herald*, that I should be grateful if they would let me know whether or not it was true that discussion in the Catholic press of my letter of March 17th had been forbidden or discouraged by the Archbishop. To date (July 21st) the Archbishop and the editor of the *Tablet* have not replied to me. I should have thought that, if they cared even a little for truth, they would have answered me in March if they thought me wrong or would have agreed with me if they thought me right. Their failure to answer my present plain, straight question is still more difficult to understand.

The editor of the *Catholic Herald* has replied that he would refuse to answer a question such as mine "in any conditions," since "any communications which may or may not have passed between the editor of a Catholic paper and the Ordinary of his diocese are naturally a confidential matter, and any query about them should not be answered."

It seems to follow that, if the Archbishop has intervened confidentially in this matter, his intervention would not be disclosed. I find this position difficult to reconcile with the claim, made by the editor of the *Catholic Herald* in a pamphlet in reply to Mr. H. G. Wells, that "no dark censor lurks" in the *Catholic Herald* office.

My charges in your issue of March 17th simply cried out for an answer. I should have thought that Catholic editors would, in the circumstances, have insisted that, if the Archbishop did not wish them to be discussed, he should publicly have accepted responsibility for so strange a policy.

John V. Simcox

TRADE UNIONS AND THE ARTS

Sir,—I should like to offer some amendment to Critic's statement in London Diary that "the A.E.U. is the first trade Union to launch out as patron of the arts."

The Civil Service Clerical Association has been running its own theatre group for over three years and has produced, in entirety from script to stage-hands, four original musical shows, all of which dealt in some measure with the trade union movement and allied trends of thought.

The Civil Service Clerical Association claims—and this has never been refuted—that it is the first trade union in this country to have set up and financed its own dramatic group. It is most encouraging to see so large and important a union as the A.E.U. following the same line, and we do hope that other unions will also "launch out as patron of the arts." The C.S.C.A. Theatre Group is at considerable disadvantage through not having a theatre of its own or at its disposal, and a central theatre for use by trade union dramatic groups is a proposition whose fulfilment could be accomplished if enough trade unions were to realise the extreme value of this form of activity.

Civil Service Clerical Assn., T. J. Porter,
Theatre Group, *Secretary*
9, Great Newport St.,
W.C.2.

WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY

Sir,—I am engaged on a biography of my grand-uncle William Johnson Cory, and anxious to find unpublished material, and especially letters written by him to his pupils, which were usually preserved. I particularly want to consult those addressed to the late Misses Prideaux and to Mary Coleridge. I shall be grateful if any reader can help over this, and I need not say that everything would be carefully handled and duly returned.

Faith Compton Mackenzie

Sudbrook Lodge,
Ham Common, Surrey.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Of all the mysterious Elizabethans, clustered in varying degrees of inscrutability about the immense Shakespearian enigma, few are more perplexing than a dramatist who was born in 1585 and probably died during the mid-years of the seventeenth century, author of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* and that even wilder production entitled *The Broken Heart*. We know little of Marlowe, almost nothing that is revelatory of Webster or Cyril Tourneur: the one personal reference to John Ford in Elizabethan literature intensifies the air of strangeness and remoteness with which his dramas are surrounded:

> "Deep in a dump John Forde was alone got,
> With folded arms and melancholy hat."

From this curiously vivid couplet we derive most of our knowledge of the extraordinary anatomist of the passions whose plays appeared during the long twilight of the splendid Elizabethan heyday. We see him shy, gloomy, self-absorbed; we picture him as a character whose imagination revolved with monomaniac zeal round tormenting inward problems. He had none, we deduce, of Shakespeare's openness and sweetness, none of Jonson's common-sense vigour and massive erudition. We may doubt if he was a man of numerous ideas or lively social interests. But certain themes had always fascinated him. And out of those themes—which were almost obsessions—he wove his unequal but, at its occasional best, rare and lasting life-work.

Like Tourneur's, John Ford's was plainly a distempered and discontented spirit; and, in a new study of the dramatist,* a carefully documented, if somewhat ponderous, monograph, Dr. Sensabaugh deals at considerable length with Ford's debt to the great seventeenth-century treatise on mental distraction, the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Ford, his critic is able to show, was deeply versed in Robert Burton's theories and clinical observations. It is possible that he attributes to this relationship too exclusive an importance; for although every writer tends to fall under the spell of philosophic and scientific theories current in his period, he is only successful as an artist in so far as he digests and, in the process of digesting, endeavours to transcend them. There is a link between Balzac and Mesmer, between Proust and Bergson; but neither Mesmerism not the Bergsonian philosophy played a part that was more than incidental in the development of the *Comédie Humaine* and *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. That part, nevertheless, we must acknowledge and understand: and Dr. Sensabaugh seems to have proved his case when he asserts that Burton's theory of the passions (based on the doctrines of Hippocrates and Galen, with various "accretions from mediæval lore") gave Ford's individual poetic gifts a stimulus they needed.

That his beliefs now strike us as absurd is evidently beside the point. Once again, the truth that lies in great art shines forth against a dusky background of intellectual error. Ford's psychology (to use the term in its narrower sense) has gone the way of Milton's theology and Dante's cosmology. His tragedies survive on a completely different plane. Yet as we read them, it is as well to remember that they are the work of a dramatist firmly convinced that the body and mind of man were dominated by four "humours"—blood, phlegm, choler, melancholy—which controlled the physical organism, and by "spirits" which were "expressed from the blood" and acted as mediators between the mind and body, and that the human *ego* was the victim—often the helpless victim—of the dispositions they engendered. Thus Ford, though a surprisingly "modern" writer in some respects, in respects other and less important, seems decidedly archaic. Havelock Ellis has compared him to Flaubert and to Stendhal—a comparison of scanty critical service, which, could he overhear it from beyond the grave, might cause the peculiar outline of Ford's hat to assume a yet more melancholy indentation. No, the poet was essentially a man of his period, steeped in its beliefs, his mind conditioned by its atmosphere. It is not the rightness or wrongness of an artist's beliefs, but the imaginative use to which he puts them, that concerns the critic of a later age who attempts to estimate his genius.

There can be no doubt that the use Ford made of Burton's fantastic hypothesis was splendid and effective. It strengthened his natural fatalism and coloured his gloomy preoccupation with the tragedies of the human heart. And here the question arises why the dramatists of the Elizabethan and Jacobean era were so stimulated by the consideration of a certain type of heartbreak: whence sprang the mood of black pessimism latent in most Elizabethan poetry. Perhaps it was the conflict between the old and the new worlds that puzzled and dismayed them—between a mediæval hatred of the flesh and the exquisite apprehension of physical beauty they had caught from the Renaissance. Nor can we discount an historical accident—the appalling spread of syphilis, which attacked and killed or cruelly disfigured almost overnight. "Wit in his wantonness tasted death's bitterness. Hell's executioner had no ears for to hear what vain art could reply." Behind the espaliered garden-wall a heavy bell was tolling. Fear gave lust a sharper edge: pleasure got an added relish from the phantoms of jealousy and the shadow of separation: images of desire and visionary purity struggled together for possession of the tormented lover's spirit.

Men of the Renaissance brought to this inward struggle little of the defensive equipment, of the intellectual armour-plating, that it demanded. Allowing for a few magnificent exceptions, they had more energy than poise, great penetrative, intuitive powers, with the narrowness they owed to a civilisation as yet narrow and fragmentary. They had the impetuosity and charm of youth, and much of youth's unsteadiness. Ford inherited a touch of the Elizabethan fire, and not a few of the accompanying faults and crudities. His view of life was intense, but it was also extremely limited: his central characters are usually maniacs: they rarely develop but go rushing madly forward: here is no trace of that tolerance, half-pitiful, half-cynical, which shines over the troubled surface of Shakespeare's darkest tragedies. True to what Dr. Sensabaugh calls Burton's "deterministic" doctrine, he depicts his personages as the sport, helpless and foredoomed, of their own atrocious passions.

To re-read Ford is an exciting, but slightly exhausting, task. His work allows no relief: here is no kindly play of half-tones, no respite from the burden of feeling, none of that fantasy, that delight in wit for its own sake, which softens the tragic eloquence of the equally pessimistic Webster. Ford's comic interludes are weak and perfunctory: when he digresses from his main theme, he is often dull and heavy-handed: he achieves his greatest triumphs by driving straight ahead. Take *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, a tragedy concerned with the incestuous love of a young man for his sister. When the play opens, we are at once presented with Giovanni, attempting by ingenious, sophistical arguments to justify the consummation of his love that he feels to be predestined. He accomplishes his object at the expense of reason, peace and modesty. We observe the happiness of the two lovers—a happiness so complete that their guilty pastime itself seems strangely, beautifully innocent. Then the world closes in upon them. Annabella is forced into a wretched marriage: her husband enters a hell of jealousy, from which he emerges in the guise of a revengeful tyrant. There is a last solemn, pathetic scene, with "*Annabella* richly dressed and *Giovanni* discovered lying on a bed." Annabella, not Giovanni, speaks of their approaching doom:

> Be not deceived, my brother;
> This banquet is an harbinger of death
> To you and me; resolve yourself it is,
> And be prepared to welcome it.
> *Gio*: Well, then;
> The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
> Shall be consumed to ashes in a minute.
> *Ann*: So I have read, too.
> *Gio*: But 'twere somewhat strange
> To see the waters burn; could I believe
> This might be true, I could believe as well
> There might be hell or Heaven.
> *Ann*: That's most certain.
> *Gio*: A dream, a dream! else in this other world
> We should know one another.
> *Ann*: So we shall.
> *Gio*: Have you heard so?
> *Ann*: For certain.
> *Gio*: But d'ye think
> That I shall see you there? You look on me?
> May we kiss one another, prate or laugh,
> Or do as we do here?

Meanwhile, Giovanni's desperate resolution—to kill his sister and then himself—is slowly gaining ground.

> Kiss me. If ever after-times should hear
> Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
> The laws of conscience and of civil use
> May justly blame us, yet when they but know
> Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour
> Which would in other incests be abhorred.
> Give me your hand: how sweetly life doth run
> In these well-coloured veins! how constantly
> These palms do promise health! but I could chide
> With Nature for this cunning flattery.
> Kiss me again—forgive me.

Lamb's criticism of Ford (though he found in the tragedies abundant material for moral reprobation) seems the most acute and sympathetic that has yet been published. He notices the plainness and linear severity of Ford's dramatic method, observing that the poet "sought for sublimity, not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds. There is a grandeur of the soul above mountains, seas, and the elements. Even in the poor perverted reason of Giovanni and Annabella we discover traces of that fiery particle, which in the irregular starting from out of the road of beaten action, discovers something of a right line even in obliquity . . ." Lamb concludes that "Ford was of the first order of poets." This conclusion may impress us as far-fetched. It is true, however, that, both in *The Broken Heart* and in *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* (as in Heywood's brilliant domestic tragedy, *A Woman Killed by Kindness*) the genius of the English drama appears to be reaching out towards new fields and, by discarding the elaborate conceits and euphuistic imagery of the Elizabethan poets (who tended to wrap poetic eloquence around a human situation rather than attempt from that situation to distil the alcohol of poetry) seeking to find a mode more in accordance with the spirit of the period, with the taste of a century in which "natural science" had begun to spread its wings. That development was cut short by the rank growth of English puritanism and by the outbreak of the Civil War. *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* and *The Broken Heart* were printed in 1633: Prynne's furious *Histrio-Mastix* had appeared a year earlier. By 1641 actors were already lamenting their "sad and solitary conditions." The first shots were fired in 1642, and an ordinance of the Lords and Commons commanded that "while these sad causes and set-times of humiliation do continue, public stage play, shall cease and be forborne." So Ford stands, not at the opening of a new and fruitful epoch, but at the termination of a literary period that had spent its youth and gusto. With dejected hat and pensively folded arms, he lingers on in a dark corner of English dramatic history, unapproachable, disconsolate, now casting an abstracted glance at the flamelit tormented figures who writhe and weep around him—Giovanni, Annabella, Soranzo, Bassanes, Penthea—now listening to the faint echoes of an old, unhappy past:

> Parthenophil is lost, and I would see him;
> For he is like to something I remember,
> A great while since, a long, long time ago.

PETER QUENNELL

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* *The Tragic Music of John Ford*. By G. F. SENSABAUGH. *Oxford University Press.* 12s.

THE FIRST OF THE BLACKS

Citizen Toussaint. By Ralph Korngold. *Gollancz.* *7s. 6d.*

The title "first of the blacks," often accorded to him by his admirers, but which, as Mr. Korngold establishes, Toussaint L'Ouverture never arrogated to himself, none the less accurately describes the most remarkable Negro of whom history can boast. Anyone who is convinced of the innate superiority of the Caucasian race, or who believes colonial peoples capable of self-government only after long periods of tutelage, may well be prescribed a thorough study of the life of Toussaint. Here the sceptical reader may learn that the school for the development of a people, as of an individual, is not the academy of subjection but the hard struggle for self-improvement and freedom in which they will find themselves their own best teachers.

One of the most interesting points about the liberator of the Haitian slaves was the unremarkable and contented life of a household slave which he pursued until the age of fifty. Like Genghis Khan, he waited until the last decade of his life before making his sudden entry into history. If ever there was a case of the hour and the man having met, it was here. Stimulated by the opportunity given him by the French Revolution and the consequent confusion among the white colonists, Toussaint was able to apply all those gifts and talents which he had acquired in the course of a peaceful and studious existence. His considerable education ; his moderation and phenomenal clemency ; his understanding of the interests of his people even when these clashed with their desires ; his political astuteness and fundamental singleness of purpose—these qualities make him as superior, politically and morally, to the whites with whom he had to deal, as to his Negro lieutenants and successors. One of these, Henri Christophe, was to assume the title of King, but never gained the ascendancy or the popular devotion accorded to Toussaint, who was content with the name of governor, and, until called on to become Commander-in-Chief, was happy to be a colonel in a country as rife with generals as China.

It is the principal value of Mr. Korngold's biography that he sets the character of Toussaint in its proper perspective, relating his virtues to the sustaining devotion of his people, and his faults, which are not glossed over, to the standards of the day. The second service which this book renders to the literature of the period is to establish the importance of the Haitian episode in world history. The economic and strategic importance of this little island, now a half-serious political backwater, in 18th-century politics is too often forgotten. St. Domingo, as it was called, was the richest of Caribbean colonies—richer than Guadeloupe, which France, fifty years before Toussaint's day, had offered to exchange for the suzerainty of Canada. The resources and population of the island were such that, mobilised by the skill and discipline of a Toussaint L'Ouverture, they made the Administration of the United States consider gravely the prospects of invasion. A Haitian invasion of the Southern States was indeed never intended ; but a French invasion or infiltration—for why should Napoleon regard America as more sacrosanct than Asia ?—was a formidable possibility. It was largely the disaster to Leclerc's expeditionary force that persuaded Napoleon to sell Louisiana and abandon his transatlantic dreams. Haiti, therefore, performed a dual historical service. First, it barred the door to European imperialism in the Western hemisphere and helped to lay the basis for the Monroe Doctrine. Second, it wore down enough of the French army and fleet to stake a claim for consideration alongside Spain and Russia as a prime cause of Napoleon's downfall.

These significant facts are developed by Mr. Korngold in a more convincing manner than by any other biographer of Toussaint whom I have read. As a biography pure and simple his book is less satisfactory. Well read and scrupulously fair though he is, he fails on several occasions to assign satisfactory reasons for some of his subject's actions ; one feels that more thought might well have been given to problems of motive. This is especially true of his rather cursory discussion of Toussaint's surrender to Leclerc. It is hard to see how Toussaint stood to gain from a feigned submission which was sure to involve the surrender of his person and his deportation to France, if not at once, then a little later.

Mr. Korngold has set himself, or has been set, narrow limitations of space ; and, in these limits, he has introduced a mass of detail likely to be perplexing to the general reader. In particular, he gives the names of a multitude of minor characters whom most of us would be willing to take for granted. It is to be hoped that, when paper has become again a medium of scholarship rather than a munition of war, he will expand his book in such a way as to make his crowded scene more comprehensible.

Finally, I should like to suggest that a future edition contain a map, which, at the expense perhaps of some decorations, marks all the places mentioned in the text and is endowed with a scale of miles.

Mervyn Jones

THE COAL SITUATION

New Deal for Coal. By Harold Wilson. *Contact Publications.* *8s.*

Coal is a live, and also a highly technical, issue. The coal industry is admittedly in a mess and the output per man shift deplorably low; and everyone has cause to know the unfortunate results. But what needs doing to put matters right is a highly controversial question, not so much because of differing views on the purely technical side as because of disputes about the right form of organisation. The Reid Committee, consisting entirely of technicians, has recently worked out a complete programme of technical reorganisation and re-equipment; but it was not that Committee's business to say whether the programme which it laid down could best be carried through under public or private ownership. Nor was it within the Committee's competence to tackle the human aspects of the problem, though they have a very important bearing on the coal industry's future.

Mr. Harold Wilson, once a leading official of the Ministry of Fuel and Power, now a Labour M.P., and a University economist of standing, was putting the finishing touches to this book when the Reid Report appeared; but he has been able to incorporate its findings, with which he fully agrees. Intensive mechanisation, especially of transport, and amalgamation into larger units, provide the clues to the solution of the coal industry's problems on the technical side; and Mr. Wilson rightly emphasises that, however energetically they are tackled, it will be some years before they can achieve big results, and that the cost of them is bound to be high.

This question of cost links together the technical and organisational sides of the problem. For can the colliery owners, even if they are willing to undertake the technical revolution that is needed, possibly raise the money? That they cannot do so, unless the State is prepared to guarantee the loans, is abundantly clear; and could even a Tory Government have gone to the length of guaranteeing the invested capital while leaving the mines under private ownership and control? Mr. Foot and the Mining Association may have regarded this as possible; but could the proposal have stood up for a moment to the scrutiny of Parliamentary debate? Perhaps it could in a House composed mainly of Tories and under no necessity of early appeal to the electors. But in the newly elected Parliament such a situation is clearly ruled out. Then, as Mr. Wilson asks, what alternative is left, except public ownership and the provision of the new capital needed by the State?

Mr. Wilson, in addition to stating this dilemma, lays great stress on the human problem. He holds—and I agree with him—that the miner will never again be persuaded to give of their be until they are working for the nation, and no for the private profit of a body of owners who they have learnt through many distressful year to hate and to despise. Reorganisation cannot b carried through effectively without the *positi* collaboration of the mine-workers, whose conditions of life are bound to be revolutionised by i Mr. Wilson gives good reasons for believing tha although public ownership will not of itself solv the problems of the industry, it is a *sine qua no* for the solution of these problems on the huma side.

A good deal of Mr. Wilson's space is taken u by a detailed history of the mining industry during the war years, including an account of the incredibly complicated wage system and of the course of wage-negotiations and awards. He agrees with the Greene Committee and the other bodies that have studied the question that the wage-structure needs to be drastically simplified in such a way as to give the miner, irrespective of the conditions under which he has to work, a reasonable assurance of a return corresponding to his skill and effort. He also emphasises the need for better methods of recruitment and training, and for the offer of rewards on a more generous scale to the higher grades of technical and managerial skill.

In short, Mr. Wilson has written a good, and even an indispensable, book, which admirably brings together the technical and economic aspects of the mining problem. It will not please the colliery owners, on whose reorganisation plans he is justifiably severe. But it is objectively written, full of relevant facts, and sound in judgment upon a complex situation that calls for clear thinking as well as a will to forthright action.

G. D. H. Cole

EXORBITANCE

The Life of Richard Wagner ; Vol. III (1859-1866). By Ernest Newman. *Cassell.* 30s.

The faithful follower of Mr. Newman's Wagner may perhaps be feeling some alarm at the decreasing tempo of its publication. The original plan allowed for three volumes, of which the first appeared in 1933 and the second in 1937 ; and now we learn that a fourth will be required to complete the story ! This is not due, Mr. Newman tells us, to any expansion of the original scheme, but solely to "convenience in book-making." And just as well, too, the reader may reflect as he grapples with a volume of 550 pages devoted to only seven more years of the Master's life ; but he will be relieved to learn that the final volume is already in the printer's hands. The paper shortage has involved us in a time-lag as compared with America, where the volume now under review appeared four years ago.

The complete work will certainly rank among the major biographies of our time, although it challenges two trends of contemporary fashion : on the one hand, our neglect of Wagner as an artist, and, on the other, our reaction against the late nineteenth century "monumental" Life and Letters. Since Strachey, all our best biographical writers have concentrated on the "portrait," and with admirable results ; but there will always be certain figures whose massive outlines defy so elegant a frame, and high among them ranks Richard Wagner.

Everything about Wagner is exorbitant and profuse, not least the sheer bulk of the relevant documents. It is doubtful whether in the whole history of the world there is a single individual about whom so much is known. Of course, there are many royal or exalted personages of whom it is possible to say where they were and what they did on almost every day of their adult lives ; but then the actions of such people are largely routine, while their characters, with the exception of Queen Victoria, are seldom commensurate in interest with their position. With Wagner it is otherwise ; he lived a packed, stormy, unpredictable life in the full glare of European publicity ;

There were few persons of importance whose path he did not at some time cross, and probably none who regarded him with indifference. In his wake, like the V-trail behind a great ship, admiration and fury streamed away perpetually to the horizon; he was attacked, defended, worshipped; reviled, lampooned, caricatured; and pursued by an ever-lengthening and international posse of creditors. Of the multitudinous first-hand documents available it is chataceristic that so many should be his own work—the actual physical product of that inexhaustible and elegant penmanship. Heavens! what industry, what energy, what exuberance! All round his stupendous operas, like sand around the Pyramids, we see stretching in every direction an eternity of Wagnerian prose: proposals, counter-proposals, memoranda; schemes, explanations, autobiography; treatises on every subject under the sun, philosophic dissertations, vast files of self-justificatory correspondence. Our own Victorians were verbose, but never, I think, on this scale. Did ever composer write so many letters? Did ever anybody work so hard? And to such purpose, too; for he subjugated a careless world to his exorbitant and imperious demands, without compromising for a moment with his artistic integrity.

With such a subject the sheer quantity of the evidence makes it possible to prove almost anything; and it is fortunate that the definitive biography (definitive, one feels, not only for the English-speaking world) should have been undertaken by a musician whose scholarship and industry are equalled by the shrewdness of his judgment. Mr. Newman has the admirable type of mind which will not decide a point until he has collated all the evidence on either side—and not always then; he wrestles for the truth, and plainly enjoys the exercise. In his Foreword he complains humorously of the difficulties which beset the path of the conscientious scholar:

> In Wagner biography our problems increase with the number of witnesses and of documents. It becomes more and more difficult even to establish such apparently simple things as the dates of events that occurred not in the dim and distant past but almost within living memory. Wagner's own records are a mass of wrong dates. Letters from all and sundry are sometimes mis-dated, sometimes not dated at all. Every variety of pitfall awaits the feet of the unsuspecting researcher: a man, for instance, will date his letter from a particular hotel in a particular town, not because he is there at the time of writing—he may be a couple of hundred miles away—but because he expects to be there by the time a reply can reach him. Or he writes that "to-morrow" he intends to go to such and such a place, and then calmly postpones his departure for a day or two without the smallest thought for the future biographer, whose whole theory regarding something or other may stand or fall by the accuracy of his attribution of an event to this day or that.

There are occasions when Mr. Newman's fair-mindedness and passion for ferreting out the facts tempt him to go on proving a point which the reader has long since conceded; or to tackle the immense financial complications of Wagner's career with a fiscal gusto which leaves the rest of us gasping amid a welter of florins, francs, talers and gulden. Some of this detail might with advantage have been relegated to a series of appendices; but its appearance in the text proper is doubtless the natural consequence of the author's complete absorption in his subject. And what a subject it is! These are the rich, central years of Wagner's life; we have the *Tannhäuser* fiasco in Paris, the financial shipwreck, the rescue by King Ludwig, the *Tristan* production at Munich, the composition of *Die Meistersinger*, the final break with Minna and the liaison with Cosima. Perhaps the thirty-page chapter on Cosima shows Mr. Newman's insight into character at its most lucid and penetrating. But the whole story convinces no less than it fascinates; and he is a bold man who would play Beckmesser to this Walther. There are a couple of small points only against which my chalk registers a query on the slate. First: on page 158 the author mentions, among the prose sketches for *Die Meistersinger*, a list of twelve Masters including "a Nikolaus Vogel, whom Wagner does not use in the opera." Though no Vogel actually figures in the cast, this will mislead those unfamiliar with the text; for the name of one Niklaus Vögel is duly called and his absence explained by his apprentice in a celebrated little episode in the First Act. Second: in his account of the Paris *Tannhäuser* Mr. Newman appears to accept the view that the conductor, one Dietsch, was incapable of reading a full score and actually conducted the opera from a first violin part. Can this really be true? The first violins don't enter until the twenty-fourth bar of *Tannhauser!* The story seems to rest on statements by Berlioz and Bülow, two highly excitable and unreliable witnesses. If it is strictly true, there should be plenty of further confirmation, including (one would have supposed) a fulmination somewhere or other from the pen of the composer himself. One would like to be certain, for the story, if we can only believe it, supplies a final touch of fantasy to one of the great débâcles of theatrical history.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE CENTENARY OF THE CO-OP.

A Century of Co-operation. By G. D. H. COLE. *Co-operative Union.* 10s.

Mr. Cole has written this history of the Co-operative Movement at the request of the Co-operative Union to commemorate the hundred years that have passed since the now famous opening of the store in Toad Lane, Rochdale. It is the best history of co-operation in Britain so far written and will be invaluable to the student of the Movement. His method is, almost severely, chronological, and the amount and minuteness of detail are astonishing. He has done a very considerable amount of real research into the Rochdale and other archives and has unearthed a number of new facts which throw light into obscure corners of the Movement's past. There could have been no better choice for the author of this history than Mr. Cole, because he has an unrivalled knowledge of the economic, industrial and social environment in which the Movement was born and developed, and he makes full use of that knowledge in his book. The book has in consequence the great merit of exhibiting the birth and development of co-operation, not *in vacuo*, but as an integral part of British social and economic history.

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possibilities in consumers' co-operation. The tragedy is that socialists and co-operators themselves have so rarely and intermittently recognised its significance or the possibility that in the development of consumers' co-operation might be found the solution of the problem with which the breakdown of capitalism now disastrously confronts the world and the evolution of a real economic democracy. There have always been idealists and idealism, as they are called, in the Movement, and it is often said that the potentialities of co-operation have not been realised because they have always been so scarce as barely to leaven the lump. I have the profoundest suspicion of idealists and idealism and of friends or foes who use the words. Idealism is either used in the sense of amiable imbecility by people who admire that kind of thing, or it is used by people who have a vested interest in stupidity as a word which will induce other people to believe that common sense is amiable imbecility. It is too often forgotten that the greatest and most lucrative of all vested interests is stupidity. The real case against the capitalist system is not that it is unidealistic, but that it is fundamentally stupid; the essential merit of the co-operative system—the basis of its immense potentiality—is not its idealism, but its fundamental common sense. Only the profound perversion of our minds, socialists and co-operators included, by the stupidities of capitalist psychology prevent us from seeing this and acting upon it. What the co-operative movement, and the rest of the world, wants is not more idealism, but more intelligence and common sense.

A word must be said with regard to the production of this volume. It contains 428 pages, 22 chapters, and appendices. But there is no table of contents and there are no page headings. To find any particular chapter in the book is therefore a laborious and irritating job.

LEONARD WOOLF

MYTHOLOGICAL TRUTH

In the Beginning God. By H. S. BELLAMY. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

" A new scientific vindication of the cosmogonic myths in the Book of Genesis " is the author's description of as queer a book as one would meet in a month of Sundays. Mr. Bellamy has a theory about the Flood, as others have about the unicorn or Shakespeare or Atlantis. It can hardly be called scientific, and it isn't half as plausible as, say, Butler's speculations on the *Odyssey*, but Mr. Bellamy is something more than a cryptomane. His learning is by no means confined to the Book of Genesis—which, however, he knows, and delights to turn, inside out; languages, myths, astronomy and geogeny are also, it would appear, his special subjects. The reader must be prepared to enter into regions tenebrous yet not wholly fantastic.

Was there a Flood? Yes, says Mr. Bellamy, and it happened like this. A long while ago, before the present moon existed, there was an earlier moon which approached the earth and drew its waters into a flood-bulge or tide-girdle along the tropics. The satellite then came to pieces, its gravitational pull ceased, and the tide-girdle dispersed, swamping whole continents. This was the Great Flood. Mr. Bellamy finds traces of it not only in the story of Noah but in the Genesis accounts of Creation, which—according to his argument—describe re-Creation, the new dawn after the subsiding of the waters. Torrential rains and a thick cloud-fall accompanied the deluge; and it was in this darkness that God said, " Let there be light." The sun began to shine; life re-emerged. How? Bishop Colenso's teaser about the fish is only one of the questions that might occur to a doodling reader. How did the salt-water and the fresh-water fish survive when river and ocean were merged into one? And fish must have had an easier time than most beings, including man. Man, however, did survive, and being already a history-making animal, perpetuated his experience in stories of the Great Flood. Because the stories exist, the event happened. That is Mr. Bellamy's basic assumption.

Now it is perfectly true that the Flood myth, in one form or another, belongs to all peoples. But does that prove that everyone is remembering the same Great Flood? Why not a great number of little floods? This seems a more obvious and a more likely explanation. However, it doesn't appeal to Mr. Bellamy. He submits the facts and the theories to a standard of " mythological truth." One of the several stories in Genesis contains more mythological truth than another; this phrase is mere literary accretion, that betrays what the author calls religious sublimation. Who decides what is and is not mythologically true? Mr. Bellamy, as a rule. He has already found indubitable tracks of the Flood, the explosion of the satellite, the tide-girdle in an earlier work called *The Book of Revelation is History*.

The material of Mr. Bellamy's arguments—whatever one may think of his conclusions—is engrossing. There are many parallel stories of Flood, Ark, Creation, Tower of Babel, etc. Here are a couple of local Noahs from Siberia:

> Noj of the Votyaks, and Paviachta of the Ostyaks, warned respectively by their divine fathers, Inmar and Turim, of the coming of a great flood, set about to build big vessels. But one day when they went to the shipyards they found to their dismay that the devil had destroyed their work. So they decided to build other vessels, on secret yards which were situated well away from the shore, and on elevated ground. This made the devil very angry, for he did not want anyone to escape the deluge which he had planned, but seek as he would he could not find the hidden shipyards. At last he succeeded with the help of the shipwrights' wives. He taught them to brew intoxicating drinks and, indeed, in their inebriated state both Noj and Paviachta babbled. The devil who, in either case, overheard them, immediately made for the secret shipyards and smashed up the practically finished arks. Undaunted, the two set to work again when they were sober, and Noj was able to finish his ark just when the flood began to rise over the Earth . . .

Many such legends, new to the average reader, add familiar touches to a rather windy disquisition and keep one's attention from finally straying. And Mr. Bellamy has created a legend to embrace them all.

FRED OYSTER

Week-end Competitions

No. 810

Set by Pink Flower

Lord Keynes described the Parliament that met after the election of 1918 as a " set of hard-faced business men who looked as though they had done well out of the war." The usual prizes are offered for a set of similarly descriptive phrases on each of the parties in the new House of Commons, not forgetting Independents. Entries by August 14th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 807

Set by G. W. Stonier

Competitors are invited to contribute three items to a new Bestiary (including birds and insects) of famous writers. Oscar Wilde, for example, would make a good Liar-Bird, and Henry James might be a crustacean quivering with ungainly claw in pellucid waters. Habits, habitat, etc., may be given in prose or verse. Not more than 200 words.

Report by G. W. Stonier

There was much lively criticism as well as fancy in these animal creations. Here are some extracts from

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is represented by an extensive system of branch offices in England and Wales with agents elsewhere, and is amply equipped to conduct your private and commercial banking business. The Manager of any branch will gladly give an interview to discuss or explain any point which will help a client, or prospective client, to a full use of the services available to the Bank's customers.

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Company Meeting
Boots
PURE DRUG CO. LTD.
LORD TRENT'S SPEECH

THE 57th Annual General Meeting of Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd. was held on Thursday, July 26th, at Beeston, Nottingham. The Right Hon. Lord Trent presided, and said in the course of his speech:—

BALANCE SHEET STATEMENT

The chief changes in the Balance Sheet for the past six years are the following sums provided out of profits:—

Depreciation on Leasehold Properties	£532,662
Depreciation on Fittings and Plant	£1,244,291
Freehold Reserve	£495,004
War Damage and Contingency Reserve	£549,660
Works Development Reserve	£150,000
Provision for Pension Funds (apart from current contributions)	£269,500
The total value of Fittings and Plant for the whole Organisation is	£3,428,751
Against which accumulated Depreciation stands at	£2,066,222
Leaving a net book value of	£1,362,529

The book value is therefore less than 40 per cent. of the original cost.

For the year ended March 31st, 1945, we had to provide over five times the amount required for taxation in 1939.

We have 7,000 of our staff away on War Service. This makes it still very difficult to give the service to which the public are accustomed and entitled.

We are urgently in need of increased space in our Research Laboratories, and we are looking forward to having under the new Director of our Research activities, Sir Jack Drummond, F.R.S., buildings suitable for the important work we shall be carrying out.

The Saccharin we have produced is equivalent in sweetening properties to 731,000 tons of sugar.

I should mention that in addition to our output for civilian use, we supplied to the British and Allied Governments in 1944 alone a total of 600,000,000 medicinal tablets.

We have collaborated both with other member companies of the Therapeutic Research Corporation and with other firms designated by the Medical Research Council in research work on Penicillin. We designed and managed for the Ministry of Supply the largest surface-culture plant in this country.

While favouring price controls to protect the consumer against exploitation, we assume that the restrictive controls which weigh so heavily upon us will be removed with reasonable speed. If that assumption is borne out, I can give you an assurance that, with the knowledge we have gained during the war and with the enlargement of our Research Department which we contemplate, we can face the future with the greatest confidence.

(Any Shareholder desiring a copy of the Chairman's Speech should apply to the Secretary of the Company.)

runners-up (and I wish there were space for more):

A. C. Swinburne (*Gazella Rubritrichosa*). A typical island product; fond of the sea, it lives among pines. Its rhythmical movements are amazing. . . .

(PANTARCI)

The Bozzy (*Biographicus Chamii*). A Scotch dog, remarkable for its skill in the chase, fidelity, and affection for its master notwithstanding snubs and even ill-usage. It has long ears, and what goes into one comes out in the pen. An admirable bedside companion.

(PIBWOB)

The cynical Maughamoset
May not be everyone's pet,
But it has a masterly way
At play.
Though it is fond of the dry,
One cannot deny
That it benefits from Rain
Every now and again.
Globe-trotting, Cakes and Ale
Develop its splendid Tale.

(LESLIE JOHNSON)

Rudyard Kipling. This *Bombay Duck*, of migratory habit and sometimes fretful quill, is the only example of *Anas* capable of song, at one time accompanied by a sustained drumming. Before he was fledged, he consorted much with Soldier-birds, later showing aquatic tendencies.

(GUY INNES)

Aquila Conradi. The greatest of the Sea-eagles. Soars and inhabits lonely places. Feeds on the human heart, and is itself eaten up by Compassion.

(L. E. J.)

The Kafka-rabbit timidly subsists
Where blank snows drift below uncertain mists.
With ears that only register the tones
Of urgent-shrill unanswered telephones.
When struck it cannot move. As caught in cramp
Its normal gait, outside a Belsen camp.
Its apprehensive eye, its quivering coat
Draw the hypnotic ferret and the stoat.
Its frantic burrowing compels its fate—
Always to observe the trap too late.

(MRS. CONSTANCE SEWELL)

The Lyon Mordaunt
(Lytton Strachey)

This carnivore in search of game
Perambulates the Wood of Fame,
Slaying (felinity is clear)
His noble victims with a sneer:
Yet is, though lions form his prey,
No less a King of Beasts than they.

The Caledonian Ape
(James Boswell)

A parasitic migrant who
Invades at times the London Zoo,
Prods Jumbo to parade his tricks
And 's trunk for fleas of discourse picks,
These finds of simian hide-and-seek
Pouching for reference in his cheek.

R. J. P. HEWISON

There were a number of good Boswells, Stracheys and Shaws, no Jane Austen, no Shakespeare. A few blunders in natural history. Mr. Granville Garley's *monkey*, "too insensitive in describing the physical defects of mankind," can't be Smollett—a hypersensitive, if ever there was one. Wycherley or Rabelais must be meant.

The winners, after fierce competition, are Sub-Lieut. J. R. Till and Allan M. Laing, who divide the prizes equally.

Gissing—*The Demogrub*

Although seen sometimes in South Devon, this engaging little grub is rarely found in the British Isles. Not only does an English winter cause it to lose weight and neglect its young: it has even been known to shrivel up and die. In the spring, however, it assumes a luxuriant colour; and so greatly does this change its appearance that naturalists, before now, have mistaken it for the more beautiful and expansive Aristogrub, always associated with the warm climes of the Mediterranean. Ever sensitive to environment, the Demogrub has a strong preference for quiet and cloistered places. Its favourite breeding ground is the Reading Room of the British Museum.

Tennyson—*Hairy Dragon-fly*

This ancient and frequently beautiful insect, which derives its name from its shaggy thorax, is very common in Southern England. To be seen (usually in fine weather) flittering gracefully over lakes in privately-owned grounds. Sometimes strays into paddocks and parklands in dignified pursuit of a Damsel-fly nymph, only occasionally breaking into wild charges. *Habits:* strictly connubial.

George Sand—*The Glutinous Hag-Fish*

Although classed by Linnaeus among the worms, there can be little doubt that this creature is a fish. Of sensitive structure, it throws out a copious gelatinous secretion from its pores to ward off enemies from its mate. A strange feature of the species is its reaction to musical sounds: the notes of a distant gramophone at a riverside picnic will cause it to shiver in ecstasy. Zoologists have often had a certain difficulty in establishing its sex.

Swinburne—*The Passion Wasp*

The peculiar characteristic of this reddish insect, with its rainbow-coloured wings shadowed by purple patches, is its sting which, though not fatal, can be extremely painful. It is usually reserved for the female of the species *homo sapiens*. Emits a strange noise, half hiss and half chirrup—usually before sunrise—and can often be seen (and heard) buzzing about forsaken gardens near cliffs. Allergic to black cloth. *Food:* Flesh.

J. R. TILL

The Thrillopard
(Edgarus Wallaciensis)

In Fleet Street forests through the night,
With paws steel-nibbed and gory,
The Thrillopard pursues its flight
And kidnaps everything in sight
To make its morning story.

Its coat of camel's hair hangs loose:
Its smoky whisker quivers:
Its snarling—at dictation speed—
Raises the hair of all that heed,
In queer hypnotic shivers.

It lives on newsprint serials,
Chewed to a bloody tangle;
And tames the Secretary Bird
To dance with rhythmic taps absurd
And feed the Thrillomangle.

The Iboa (Walt Whitman)

Habitat: The Hub of the Universe.

Habits: Makes strenuous efforts to impersonate natural phenomena and moral abstractions, with indifferent success. Intermittent frog-like inflations. Mates with anything and everyone. Sharpens I-teeth by boring. Preys on the young of Homo Sapiens.

CALL: I—I—I—I—I—I

The Methuselah Bird (G. Bernardus Shavius)

The Methuselah Bird
Is seen and heard
But rarely now, in parts
Of Herts.

Its fabulous age
Is impossible to gauge
And is due to dietary habits
Closely resembling those of rabbits.

It employs its bearded bill
With protean skill
To charm its foes
And lay them out dead in rows.

It has long legs,
Lays no eggs,
And emits a call high, pure,
And characteristically cocksure.

ALLAN M. LAING

Where to Stay and Restaurants

ACHILL, West Ireland—Burke's Holiday House, Dugort. Close to beautiful bathing Strand; magnificent scenery, comfortable, moderate. Apply Miss Burke.

FULBROOK House, South Stoke, Goring-on-Thames. Lovely garden, home produce; childrn. welc.; vacancies.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon., mod., comfortable; trout fishing, tennis; splendid centre on main line from Paddington. Tel.: Kingham 209.

FRENCH Holiday at Bournemouth. Priv. boarding house, exc. food, highly qualified French Organisers. Sept. 1st–15th, 8 *gns.*, 1 week; 15 *gns.* 2 weeks., inclu. French tuition. Write, "U.P.," c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., 31, Budge Row, E.C.4.

LEAMINGTON Spa. Accom. Aug./Sept., dble. bd.-rm., priv. sit.-rm. Mod. hse., bkfst., ev. meal. 63s. weekly. Box A1067.

"THE Bronte" Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Literary interest in quiet Moorland country.

L'ORIENT. Oriental and Continental specialities. Luncheons and dinners. Open daily, 56 St. Giles High St. (adj. Tottenham Ct. Rd. Tube). Tem. 5717.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

LARGE flat to let. Bloomsbury. Studio-lounge, 3 divan rooms, bathroom, kitchen. Parquet floors, self-contd., artistically furn. (antique and mod.). Linen. Box 9675.

VACANT possession. For sale, lady's sunny country cottage, Somerset. Bathroom, 3 bedrooms, small garden. Suit artist/writer. Box 9624.

WANTED by yng. intending writer, furn./unfurn. rm. large enough to hold E.M.C. gramophone, pref. Hampstead. Box 9634.

R.A.F. Officer, bachelor, reqs. Service room or small Service flat with optional meals or would share sim. accom. with anr. bachelor. Box 9668.

UNFURN. flat urgently reqd. Fairly central. Box 9676.

Accommodation—continued

FAMILIES prepared to accept Indian students as paying guests are invited to send partics. to Secretary to High Commissioner for India, Educ. Dept., India House, Aldwych.

SOLDIER returning job in City seeks unfurn. hse./rms. within daily reach. Child 2. Wife (B.A.) offers some hsewk. or prep. teaching, now/autumn. Box 9672.

JOURNALIST requires one or two rooms, furnished or unfurnished; use kitchen-bathroom. Box 9677.

ARCHITECT reqs. 3-5 rooms house/flat, London Area, for immediate/future tenancy. (Excellent refs.) Box 9680.

SPANISH business lady (refugee) seeks accom. easy access Fleet St. Box 9703.

WANTED two good unfurnished rooms: St. John's Wood or Regent's Park preferred. One lady. Box 9704.

WANTED, unfurn. on long let by two professional women, two large rooms, kit. and bath. within ½-hr. Euston. Box 9708.

ARTIST (ex-R.A.F.), wife, child urgently req. rent unfurn./part furn./furn. cottage, bungalow or part farm, anywhere Herts. or Sth. of London. Box 9209.

WANTED. Large house within a radius of ten miles of Ilkeston, Derbyshire. Apply to Box 9622.

WANTED urgently, small house, bungalow or cottage to rent, preferably coast. Box 9448.

Personal

YOUNG woman, B.A. (husband in Army), studying at Bedford College, wants from October room in exchange for 2 evenings staying in to look after children. Any other suggestion? Claiden, "Braeside," Cheddar, Som.

SYMPATH. home wanted for 2 French boys (brothers, 9 and 5); father missing, mother invalid. Expens. covered. Brauer, 21 Lincoln Gdns., Ilford.

SAFE healthy holiday for children on estate near Black Mountains. For details apply Secretary, Dan y Craig, nr. Grosmont, Monmouthshire.

Personal—continued

INTERESTING holiday work offered on estate near Black Mountains. Help camp supervision or repairing school buildings. Pocket money basis. Shooting and fishing. Apply Kasteel, Dan y Craig, nr. Grosmont, Mon.

£5 REWARD offered to student, or similar, for house-hunting help in or near London. Serviceman's wife prevented by baby. Instructions, Box 9596.

U.S.A. Expd. woman executive, publicist shortly becoming resid. New York would act as liaison for British ints. Box 9605.

GRASS widow, 3 small children, offers quiet room, part furnished, to friendly helpful woman in return company evenings. Surbiton district. Box 9606

SAILING Holidays. Houseboat, six bunks, gas, with pram and new sailing dinghy to let, Essex estuary. 8 *gns.* weekly, 12 *gns.* August. Box 9626.

RUSSIAN and French translations, including Technical. Box 9640.

FRENCH and German lessons personally or by corresp. Mod. terms. Box 7103.

AVOID Furs got by Torture. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry humanely, with comments on various slaughter methods. Major C. Van der Byl, Wappenham, Towcester.

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MONOMARK Service. Permanent London Address. Letters redirected. Confidential, 5*s.* p.a. Royal Patronage. Keytag 9*d.* Write Monomark BM/MONO12, W.C.1.

ENVELOPE Reseal Labels, 250 3*s.*, 500 5*s.* Hodgson (Dept. N.), Printer, Bradford.

MODERN books wanted. J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

BERMALINE. The Bread we all enjoy. Ask your Baker.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds. Colonic Irrigation. Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

WHEN bookshopping, the name to remember is The Ken Bookshop.

Personal—continued

HOLIDAY Suggestions. Let me plan an original holiday for you. Box 7707.

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PERFECT piano playing. "Master Study," rapid courses (beginners to advanced), Technique, Sight Reading, Memorising, Musicianship. Lit. (post 3*d.*) from Percy Fenn-Macklin, Dominion House, Bartholomew Close, E.C.1.

OUR fighting men in times of adversity, after Service, may count on the help of the British Legion. A legacy to Haig's Fund, Cardigan House, Richmond, Surrey, will benefit *all* ranks of *all* Services, their families, too.

PSYCHOLOGICAL consultations and treatment. Philip Humphreys, 5 Thurloe Sq. South Kensington, London, S.W.7. Ken. 8042.

MODERN Churchmen's Union (Sec: Steeple Claydon, Bletchley, Bucks.), seeks to unite sound learning, true religion. Churchmen and Free Churchmen invited to join. Min. sub. 10*s.* Quarterly journal: literature.

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Entertainments

ARTS (Tem. 7544), last 2 days, 2.30 & 7. "A Doll's House." Thrs. next "The Circle of Chalk." Mems. only. Thr. mem., 5s.

BALLETS JOOSS. Short season at the Winter Garden Theatre (HOL. 8881 and 9020). Evgs., 6.30, Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Season's programme from the Theatre. Send 2½d. stamp.

UNITY, Goldington St., N.W.1. Eus. 5391. "Citizen Kane." Thurs. to Suns. at 7.30 p.m. Mem. only. Ann. Sub. 2s.

PROMENADE Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7 till Sept. 15th. 51st season Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. London Symphony Orchestra; Cond., Sir Adrian Boult; Assoc. Cond., Constant Lambert. 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s. 6d. Prom. (drs. only), 2s. Details Hall. (Ken. 3661.)

Exhibitions, Lectures and Meetings

CONTEMPORARY Paintings. Oil and water colour pictures by artists of to-day. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition. French and English oils, watercolours and prints. 10–6. Sat., 10–1.

PETER Jones Gallery, July 18th–August 31st. Flowers in Paintings and Drawings by contemporary artists. Sculpture by Peter Lambda. First Floor, Sloane Sq., S.W.1. Daily, 9–5.30. Saturday, until 1 o'clock.

EXHIBITION of Modern Works of Art, St. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor Street, W.1. Daily, 10–6; Sat., 10–3.

ARCADE Gallery. Ehrlich's "Peace" Memorial sculpture and drawings. July 25th–Aug. 11th. Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond St.

EARLY English Oil Paintings, water colours and drawings at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

ARTISTS of fame and of promise. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture, Leicester Galls., Leicester Sq. 10–5.30. Sats. 10–1.

PAINTINGS Past and Present, Summer Sale during August. Nora Robbins, 1 Vernon Place, facing Bloomsbury Sq. Holborn 5654.

PAUL Valéry Memorial evening, organised by the International Arts Guild, Queen Mary Hall, Aug. 7th, 6.30. T. S. Eliot, Denis Saurat, Cecil Day Lewis. Adm. free. Memshp. applics., Sec., I.A.G., 53 Welbeck St., W.1.

PUBLIC Lecture on Theosophy, U.L.T., 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch. Every Sun., 7 p.m. Aug. 5th, "The Mystery of Good and Evil."

Lecture Courses and Specialised Training

UNIVERSITY of Durham, King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. College will accept limited number of students for one-year full-time course for Diploma in Youth Service which begins in October. Course recognised under Circular 53 of Min. of Educ. Candids., who must have had exp. of youth work and should be at least 25, can obtain further partics. and an applic. form from Prof. of Educ., King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 2. Applics. should be made as soon as possible, in order that interviews may be arranged in August.

FABIAN Society: Local Societies Summer School. "Some Problems of a Socialist Government." August 18th–25th, Heys Farm Guest House, West Bradford, nr. Clitheroe. Lecturers incl. Harold Wilson, M.P., John Pinkerton, M.P., Allan Flanders, M.P., Arthur Skeffington, M.P., H. D. Hughes, M.P. Few vacancies in multiple rooms. Details: Secretary, Local Socs. Cttee., Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

EGYPTIAN Institute, London. Summer Course, Aug. 20th–Sept. 1st. Course designed for those interested in Literature, Educ., Econs., Sociology, History, Art, etc., of modern Egypt. Lessons in Arabic for beginners and advanced students also provided. Fees whole course, 1 *gn.* For partics. apply 4 Chesterfield Gdns., Curzon Street, Park Lane, W.1.

PROGRESSIVE League Conf. at Netherwood, Hastings. Lecs., debates, dancing, etc. Sept. 15th–22nd. Members, 5 *gns.*, non-mems., £5 15s. Apply Hon. Sec., Progressive League, 20 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

INGE Brandeis School of Physical Education. Mensendieck System of Functional Exercises. One year's full or part time training. Suitable for rehabilitation work. Apply: Mrs. Inge Brandeis, 63 Carlton Hill, N.W.8. MAI. 6332.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs.; success. postal courses. Brochures 3*d.*, Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 44 Museum St., W.C.1, is holding summer vacation course August 7th–20th, for beginners, students of all grades and teachers. For further partics. apply Secretary.

Appointments Vacant and Wanted

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provisions of the Control of Engagement Order 1945, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provisions of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Liverpool. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer (Ungraded) in Social Science at sal. of £400 p.a., with superan. benefits within Federated Superan. System for Univs. and child allowances. Appointment will date from 1st October, and will be for one year in first instance. Further partics. from Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, to whom applics., accompanied by names of two referees should be forwarded by August 31st.

LONG Dene School, Ltd., Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent, reqs. Sept.: (1) Senior Teacher, English and Latin. (2) House mother. Resident posts. Married couple welcome. (3) Visiting teacher, violin, once weekly.

Appointments—continued

OVERSEAS. Jamaica College, Kingston, Ja. Vacancies in Sept., '45, or Jan., '46, for 4 Assistant Masters: English, H.S.C., S.C., charge whole school. French, H.S.C., S.C., charge whole school. Two to cover Maths. to S.C., if poss. to H.S.C. Biology to H.S.C., Pre-Med., S.C., charge whole school. Physics to S.C., if poss. H.S.C. Assistance Games, Corps, Scouts, handicraft, music, art, and exp. boarding (boy or master), housemastering, desirable. Appt. 1st instance 3 years, return 1st class sea passage; residt. sal. scale; Grad. £300 by 20—£450. Non-Grad. to max. £320 acc. qual. Non-resident £60 p.a. extra. Extra incr. special qualifics.; up to £50 p.a. extra payable special responsibilities. Government pension. Written applic. and testimons. to Head Master: J. W. S. Hardie, M.A. (Cantab.), in England this Summer, c/o J. C. Adkins, Esq., "Tristram," Polzeath, Wadebridge, Cornwall. Full details from J. C. Adkins meantime.

RESIDENT or non-resident graduate mistress reqd., Sept., to teach Biology and/or Geography in Girls' Recognised Independent School. Higher Schools Standard. Also Froebel mistress (resident/non-resident) specialising in Geography. Age group 10–12 years. Government superannuation. Salary according to age and exp. Apply the Headmistress, West Bank, Bideford, N. Devon.

KING Edward's School, Birmingham. Grammar School for Boys, Five Ways. Head Mastership of this school will become vacant at end of autumn term, and Governors invite applics. from candids. for this appointment. They will be glad to consider applics. from candids. still on war service, and in these cases demob. group number should be given. Candids., who must be Grads. of Univ. in British Empire, are requested to send applic., with one copy of each of 3 testims., on or before Sept. 15th, to undersigned, from whom applic. forms, with partics. of sal., etc., may be obtained. School expected to be voluntary aided school under Educ. Act, 1944. There are at present about 520 boys in attendance. Appointment should take effect from Jan. 1st, 1946. C. C. Harries, Secretary, King Edward's School, Edgbaston Park Road, Birmingham 15.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Lectureships in French. Applics. invited for following appointments in Dept. of French: Lectureship, Grade IIa; Lectureship, Grade IIb; Lectureship, Grade III. Further partics. from Robt. T. Hutcheson, Sec. of University Court, with whom applics. (2 copies) should be lodged by August 31st.

YOUTH Service. East Suffolk County Educ. Cttee. Two Youth Centre Wardens (men or women) wanted for new mixed, joint Youth Centres in neighbouring small market towns in E. Suffolk to open as soon as possible, one to be appointed to Saxmundham and dist., and another to Halesworth and dist. Exp. of Youth work essent. Sal. £250 p.a., plus war bonus (at present Men £59 16s. Women £48 2s.) and travelling allowance in accordance with County Scale. Candids. should provide their own car or autocycle. Applics., with copies of two recent testims., to Chief Educ. Officer, Educ. Office, County Hall, Ipswich, by August 20th. Applic. form sent on request.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men only for post of Bulgarian Announcer/Translator. Candids. should possess good knowledge of internat. affairs and be able to translate news and other material from English into Bulgarian; they will also be reqd. to announce News Bulletins, etc., at microphone. Exp. of journalism and broadcasting an advantage. Candids. need not be British. Sal., max. £450 p.a., rising to £600, plus cost of living bonus of £44 4s. p.a. and family allowances. Applics. with detls. of age and exp., to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1 by Aug. 11th. Envs. must be marked "Bulgarian Announcer/Translator."

SHROPSHIRE Educ. Cttee., Walker Technical College, Hartshill, Oakengates, Shropshire. Principal: R. F. Beaton, B.Sc. (Eng.), Wh.Sch. Applics. invited for post of full-time teacher of Commercial Subjects. Duty will be divided between Junior Commercial School and Senior Part-time Classes. Grad. or equivalent prof. qualifics. desirable, with some teaching and/or business exp. Sal. in accordance with Burnham Scale. Applics., stating age, educ., qualifics and exp., with dates and subjects offered, and two testims. and names of two referees, to Principal by August 11th.

PROVISIONAL Nat. Council for Mental Health. Applics. invited from trained and exp. social workers, pref. with exp. in Mental Health work, to work under Psychiatric social workers in resettlement of men and women discharged from Forces on psychiatric grounds, in: Defence Region 1 (based on Newcastle), and Defence Region 7 (based on Bristol). Worker for Region 7 might later be asked to work from Exeter. Sals. from £300 p.a. accord. to qualifics. and exp. Applics., with two recent testims., to Hon. Secs., 39 Queen Anne St., London, W.1, by August 20th.

PROVISIONAL Nat. Council for Mental Health. Applics. invited from qualified and expd. psychiatric social workers for the post of Regional After Care Officer of Civil Defence Region 9 (based on Birmingham). Worker would be responsible for resettlement of psychiatric casualties returning to homes in Region 9 and for visiting of service hospitals in that area. Sal. from £400 p.a. Applics., with two recent testims., to Hon. Secs., 39 Queen Anne St., London, W.1. by August 20th.

TEACHER required for French and general form subjects, boys of 11–12, no Saturday school, congenial non-resident post, good salary. Principal, Elms School, Maidstone.

Appointments—continued

UNIVERSITY College, London. Applics. invited for two Assistant Lectureships in Dept. of French. Duties commence October. Sal. £300 to £350, depending on exp. Applics. to E. L. Tanner, Sec., Univ. College, London (Gower St., W.C.), from whom further partics., by August 31st, may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Liverpool. Applics. invited for post of Temporary Assistant Lecturer in Dept. of Latin for Session 1945–46, at sal. of £350 p.a. Applics. giving partics. of qualifics. and exp., accompanied by copies of testims. and/or refs., by Aug. 25th, to Stanley Dumbell, Registrar.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men or women (British) for post of Assistant in Listener Research Dept. Successful candid. will be in charge of section which conducts enquiries among listeners through Listening Panels and Local Correspondents. Work involves drafting questionnaires in consultation with output and planning depts., analysis of replies, and preparation of reports based upon them. This calls for an analytical type of mind, practised in handling both quantitative and qualitative material and capable of lucid exposition. Qualities of leadership and an interest in broadcasting essent. Appointment to unestab. staff and entry to perm. staff subject to consideration during course of the post-war resettlement of existing staff. Sal. max. £600, rising to £800 p.a., plus £44 4s. p.a. cost of living bonus and family allowances. Applics. with dets. of age and exp. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, by Aug. 11th. Envls. must be marked "Listener Research Assistant."

LONDON Co-op. Soc., Ltd., Educ. Dept., invites applics. for following posts: (*a*) Educ. Sec.—Applics. to give age, Co-op. qualifics., exp. in field of Adult Educ. and Youth work. Sal. in accordance with N.U.C.O. scale. (*b*) Youth Organiser.—Duties, organisation and supervision of Co-op. youth activities among children and adolescents. Sal. commensurate with qualifics. and exp. Applics. to L.C.S. Educ. Dept., 34 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, by Aug. 27th. Envs. marked "Education Secretary" or "Youth Organiser."

BORDEN Grammar School for Boys, Sittingbourne, Kent. Cook-housekeeper reqd. beginning of September for responsible duties in connection with school meals (approx. 280 served daily in term-time) and other catering. Salary £200–£250 (plus war addition). Initial sal. according to qualifics. and exp. Medical exam. Superann. In accordance with provisions of Control of Engagement Order, 1945, women of registration age may apply. Application forms and partics. from Headmaster (address as above) to whom applics. should be submitted as soon as possible.

REQUIRED for Sept., General Secretary and Organiser for Leicester Y.W.C.A. £250 to £300 non-resid., according to exp. Applics. stating age, qualifics., exp., with copies of 3 recent testims., to Chairman, Y.W.C.A., 5 Granville Rd., Leicester, by Aug. 13th.

ASST. Club Leader (woman), part-time, reqd. for mixed Youth Club in N. Kensington. Sal. £100 p.a. Apply Sec., Venture Youth Club, 138 Portobello Rd., W.11.

WANTED shortly, Matron, Brooklands pre-prep. School, Crowborough 299. About 15 children, 3–8. Assistant already appointed.

SUMMERHILL, teachers wanted for Sept. (hoping be in Leiston, Suffolk). Maths., Physics, English, History, Junior class mistress. A. S. Neill, Festiniog, N. Wales.

LANCASHIRE County Drama Cttee. shortly to appoint Assistant Organiser for Drama. Stpd. addrd. foolscap env. for condits. of appointment to Secretary, Community Council of Lancs., Selnec House, Manchester, 14.

REQUIRED, Sept. for Girls' School, qualified resident mistress for mathematics. Apply Principal, Solent House School, Cowes.

YOUNG teacher wanted interested prog. educ., child psych., communal life small co-ed. school. Enthusiasm, initiative. Subjects, partics., photo, Freemount, Bacton, Hereford.

BRITISH Bulletin of Commerce, read by the Higher Executive, requires Junior Assistant in Editorial Dept. Excellent opportunity to learn editorial work. Good salary and prospects. Temple Bar 4728.

GAMES and Gym. Master. Resident. Able to help with teaching in Lower Forms added qualific. Vacancy January term. Apply Headmaster, Whittingehame College, Llandilo.

UNDER Matron wanted for Progressive Preparatory School, Sept. Wester Elchies Prep. School, Craigellachie, Banffshire.

MIDDLE School Master or Mistress, resident, to teach English and Arithmetic and help with games. Apply Headmaster, Whittingehame College, Llandilo, Carms.

VACANCIES exist in expanding organization for three men with concern for social welfare and powers of self-expression. General legal knowledge and qualifics. reqd. for one post; specialised knowledge of Rent Acts for second post; exp. of welfare work, knowledge National Health Insurance and Pensions legislation for third; keenness and intelligence more important than specific qualifics. Sals. according to standing of applicant, but between £500 and £750 to commence. Permanent; pensionable. Box A1142.

FIRST-class Salesman reqd. to handle comprehensive service connected with Exports via Space in unique advertising medium (not an Export Periodical). Must have marked sales talent and exp., good educ., personality and appearance. Age between 25 and 50. Remuneration in excess of £1,000 p.a. can be earned in salary and commission. Write giving age, exp., and when available to Box 9998.

Appointments—continued

WANTED, experienced cook-caterer for Dutch children's hostel. Apply Mrs. J. B. Priestley, Chillerton, Isle of Wight.

PERSONAL Secretary to Advertisement Director of group of Trade Journals. Highest qualifications required. Box 9243.

CAPABLE woman wanted as part-time personal assistant to owner-manager London retail business. Exp. not essential; applicant must be keen, adapt., conscientious. Write age and full details. Box 9620.

MOTHER'S help wanted, Somerset farmhouse. Five children. Refugee welcomed. Ministry of Labour Permit. Box 9347.

WANTED, lady to run house, resident, all found, £3 weekly, 3 in family, 3 windows in bedroom. Help with rough. Oved, 16 Luxemburg Gardens, W.6.

REQUIRED Autumn Term at small Progressive Co-ed. Prep. School (approved by B. of E.), two married couples qualified to teach all group subjects to 5–13-year-olds. Vacancies available for children of applicants. Apply: Principal, Springfield Grange School, Great Missenden, Bucks.

PROFESSIONAL woman (out all day) requires shortly really competent working housekeeper. Small modern house in country, near town. (W.R. Yorks.) Very suitable home for baby or young child. State wage required. Box 9685.

MIDDLE-aged woman reqd. as companion to expectant mother. Light hsehold duties. Write, or call any evg. after 7, 12 Harrow's Meade, Edgware, Middx.

REQUIRED during Summer Holidays, help with twins aged two. Also two boys home from school. Perhaps suit teacher. Crosfield, Chipping Norton, Oxon.

YOUNG man (Assoc. I.I.A.), 33, ex-Army, at present production executive large factory N. England, desires respons. post London/Southern Counties where prog., cultural ints. an asset. Will tackle anything—not afraid hard work. Box 9671.

POLITICALLY Conscious young woman, secretary for 9 years to Director of large Public Co., seeks change, full or part time, to secretarial post of trust and responsibility, but with political interests. Box 9747.

UNIVERSITY Grad. (B. Com.), age 30, wide industrial exp. in managerial capacity, at present advisor on efficiency and admin. to large manuftg. concern, seeks apptmt. to reorganise or build up small company, London area. Box 9600.

CAMB. Grad. (25), sks. post as tutor. Country pref., non-res., or wd. teach centrally several chldrn., neighbouring hsehlds. Suggs.? Box 9601.

ARTIST open for commissions for Book Illustration/similar work. Box 9608.

MAN of Vision (40) tied to & abominating Profit-Machine: Anyone offer release? Organiz./admin. abilities; typing, corres., &c. Literary & Artistic talents; vigorous personality. Box 9619.

R.E. Officer, 38, long administrative exp., desires position as Estate Manager similar occupation, pref. country or small town in South England. High priority for demobilisation. Box 9647.

INTELLIGENT woman desires post in progressive co-educational school or Youth Hostel. Knowledge of Vegetarian cooking. Capable, expd. Country pref. Box 9674.

YNG. man, exempt, educated, intell., literary interests, abilities, 4 years restricted exp. publishing, printing, knowl. typing, retail bks., sks. cong. interesting pt.-time post. Box 9679.

YOUNG lady with initiative, prev. exec. experience in child nursing, free to take up suitable post London area. Knowledge German, French. Box 9699.

LADY seeks post as Private Sec. to M.P. Long years exp. with prominent Statesman. Full knowledge Parliamentary, Constituency work. Able deal with corresp., own init. Shthd., typing, interviewing. Box 9682.

YOUNG certificated teacher wishing to specialise in Art and Handwork for under elevens, requires post in September, preferably poor district. Box 9705.

Schools and Educational

BEDALES School, Petersfield, Hants. A progressive public school for boys and girls from 11½–18. Separate jnr. schl., 5–11. (No vacancies at present.) Estate 150 acres. Home farm. Headmaster, F. A. Meier, M.A. (Camb.).

BELTANE School, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Boys and girls from 5 to 18 years. Good academic standards. Undisturbed district.

HURTWOOD School, Peaslake, Guildford. Co-educational day and boarding to 14 yrs. Constructive outlook. Tel.: Abinger 119.

INTERNATIONAL School of Geneva: Co-educational. Beautiful house, grounds. French and English speaking. School Cert. German, Russian taught. Games, Sports. Boarding fees, incl. Christmas, Easter hols., £250. Term: Sept. 11th. Visa clearing arrangements possible. Cable: Ecolint, Geneva.

ODAM Hill School and Children's Farm, Romansleigh, S. Molton, Devon. A country school for boys and girls, 4–13. Fully staffed. Sound progressive education. Care animals, ponies. Mrs. Falkner, B.A.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1948 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn Harris, M.A.

SUMMERHILL School branch now open. 6 to 10. Full staff incl. Kate Newman for dance. S'hill freedom. Week-end guests welcome. Lucy Francis, Kingsmuir School, Sible Hedingham.

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

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WHO OWNS OMNIPOTENCE ?

THE Soviet declaration of war on Japan followed immediately the news that Hiroshima, with some 200,000 people in it, has been "obliterated" in an instant by a single atomic bomb. The first reflection is that the Japanese can scarcely hold out for long. Already the Russians, by invading Manchuria, are destroying any Japanese hopes of a long resistance on the Asiatic mainland, while he American Command, determined apparently o reinforce the "lesson" of Hiroshima, has dropped a second bomb on Nagasaki. We learn hat the Emperor Hirohito vainly attempted to persuade Stalin to mediate with his Western Allies; the result was a reiteration of the unconditional surrender formula amplified in the terms of the ultimatum from Potsdam. As we write, news of an impending "special transmission" by Japanese radio raises hopes that capitulation may be announced. If so, it will be arguable that two bombs, by obviating the need for invasion, may on balance have saved life. But if these hopes are not fulfilled, it should be remembered, before more bombs are dropped, that it is easy to achieve by destruction a degree of disorganisation in which no responsible authority is left to offer surrender.

The Russian declaration of war raises issues of political, as well as military, import. It has long been clear that the U.S.S.R. would at some point enter the Far Eastern war, and details (if not the exact timing) were clearly discussed at Potsdam, following the Moscow discussions between Stalin and T. V. Soong, which re now renewed. They involve the conditions of Russia's entry into the war and the whole uture of Asia, since China is confronted with he fact that both the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. re now interested in the quarrel between the Kuomingtang and the Chinese Communists and he strategic and economic future of Manchuria. Even more important for the world, however, is he fact that, if Russia and America are now ighting Allies in Asia, the chances of real and not ake collaboration between them in the future government of the world is greatly increased. For he release of atomic energy for war purposes has brought it home to everyone, not totally devoid of moral or political sense, that now, without cavil or quibble, the choice is really between destruction and World Government.

Let us immediately cease using such misleading phrases as "the choice before mankind." For mankind means, to-day, Truman, Attlee, Stalin and a number of other important politicians, soldiers and experts in war and production. It includes publicists and their publics only in so far as by expressing our general attitude we can influence those who make great decisions. The essential decisions themselves must be made by very few people, and made very soon.

So far, the peacetime uses of the release of atomic energy have not been developed. We have an atomic bomb made at a cost which is prohibitive for all but a very few countries, and by a combined effort of scientific knowledge and industrial organisation which cannot be achieved outside the United States, the British Commonwealth and the Soviet Union. The Germans were approaching a solution, but fortunately the Allies outpaced them, and now hold all their secrets. The Russians are on the track, and will no doubt be in a position to produce atomic bombs within a few years. At the moment the United States, with the British Commonwealth in partnership, is alone in possessing this new form of destructive power. Thus it is still true that the new coercive power in the world is concentrated in three great nations, but that for the time being Russia is in a weaker bargaining position than the other two.

Mr. Truman, Sir John Anderson and, indeed, every responsible person who has pronounced on this subject, refers to the necessity of international control of atomic bombs. That clearly should be one of the chief tasks of the Security Council. There are two courses, one wise and the other foolish. The foolish, and easy one, is for the Anglo-Saxon nations to use their present bargaining position to withhold any share in the knowledge or the control of the atomic bomb from the Soviet Union and other members of the Security Council, and to use this bargaining power to threaten Russia and win concessions from her. The inevitable result in the U.S.S.R. would be a great increase in suspicion, a growing resentment, a firmer resolution to equal the United States in scientific development, followed, in a few years' time, by the development of atomic power within Soviet territory. In a word, it would be a short-sighted policy leading inevitably to the catastrophe we all dread.

The second policy, which we presume Mr. Truman has in mind when he speaks of international control, is to use this bargaining position to make a reality of the World Security Council. That can now be attempted far more hopefully than ever before, because for the first time the atomic bomb creates an effective form of international police. If the place, or places, in which atomic bombs are made come under the control of the combined military staffs of Britain, Russia and America—that is, the promised coercive instrument of the Security Council—then it will really be true that the members of the Security Council will have individually given up the right and the capacity to wage private wars. True, the difficult problem remains of deciding where bomb-producing plants are to be located. Would they be "safe" in the territory of *any* sovereign state? It is a hopeful sign that America is talking of creating an international area to be leased to the new World Organisation. If production is concentrated exclusively there, and control both of manufacture and raw material supplies entrusted to the sole responsibility of a new model Combined Chiefs of Staff, with adequate international forces to protect the plant, it will be seen that most of the present armaments of the world are out of date. Certainly tanks and vast conscripted armies and naval bases will be rapidly wasting assets in a world which contains a single striking force capable of destroying any private army or military or naval or aerial installation. If our rulers make this great decision now and share the secrets and the control of atomic bomb-making among the members of Combined Staffs, representing the chief Powers on the Security Council, then war will really begin to look like a nightmare of the past, and the peacetime potentialities of atomic release can be developed without the fear that everything useful they create may be destroyed overnight.